

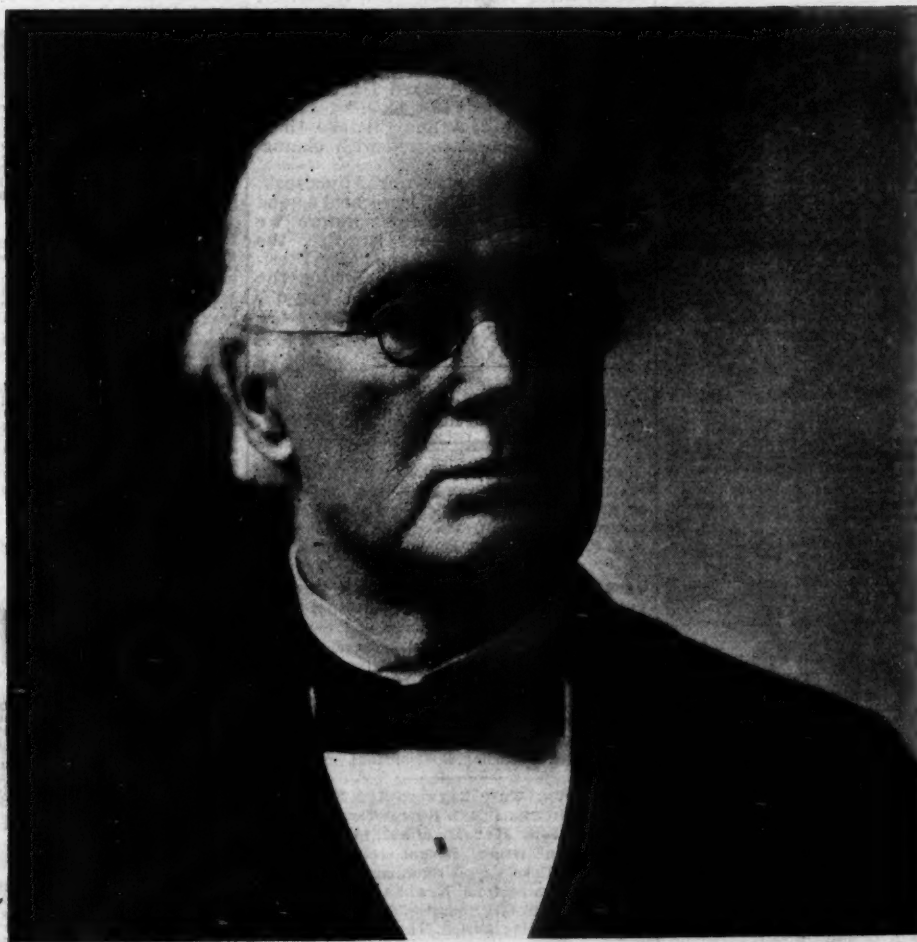
Arthur H. Smith on New Conditions in China

# THE CONGREGATIONALIST AND CHRISTIAN WORLD

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GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

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## Religious Notices

Religious and ecclesiastical notices, addresses of ministers, etc., published under this heading at ten cents a line.

THE KODAIKANAL SCHOOL is under the joint management of the American Board and the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church.

MR. R. S. ROONEY, who for the past seven years has been engaged in evangelistic work in Great Britain, is at present in this country and after a complete rest will be open for engagements during the winter months (free of charge), commencing Oct. 1. Any church or mission desiring his services should communicate with him at once. Address 64 Plymouth Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, No. 76 Wall St., New York. Incorporated April, 1835. Object: to improve the moral and social condition of seamen. Sustains chaplains and missionaries; promotes temperance homes and boarding houses in leading seaports at home and abroad; provides libraries for outgoing vessels; publishes the *Sailor's Magazine*, *Seaman's Friend* and *Life Boat*.

Contributions to sustain its work are solicited, and remittances of same are requested to be made direct to the main office of the society at New York.

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## Roosevelt and the Red Cross

Early in the day there came to our improvised headquarters an officer in khaki uniform showing hard service, and a bandanna handkerchief hanging from his hat, to protect the back of his head and neck from the fierce rays of the sun.

It was Colonel Roosevelt, and we were very glad to meet the gallant leader of the "Rough Riders." After a few moments conversation he said:

"I have some sick men with the regiment who refuse to leave it. They need such delicacies as you have here, which I am ready to pay for out of my own pocket. Can I buy them from the Red Cross?"

"Not for a million dollars," Dr. Gardner replied.

"But my men need these things," he said, his tone and face expressing anxiety. "I think a great deal of my men. I am proud of them."

"And we know they are proud of you, Colonel. But we can't sell Red Cross supplies," answered Dr. Gardner.

"Then, how can I get them? I must have proper food for my sick men," he said.

"Just ask for them, Colonel," replied Dr. Gardner.

"O," he said, his face suddenly lighting up with a bright smile; "then I do ask for them."

"All right, Colonel; what is your list?"

The list included malted milk, condensed milk, oatmeal, cornmeal, canned fruits, dried fruits, rice, tea, chocolate, and even prepared beefsteak and vegetables, and other things good for men who could not eat army rations.

"Now, Colonel, when will you send for these supplies?" asked Dr. Gardner.

"They will be ready any time."

"Lend me a sack and I'll take them right along," he answered with characteristic decision.

Mrs. Gardner at once looked up a sack, and when filled it must have held a good many pounds of supplies. Before we had recovered from our surprise, the incident was closed by the future President of the United States slinging the big sack over his shoulders, striding off, and out of sight through the jungle.

From Barton's Story of the Red Cross.

What gets crowded out? Day by day, that is the great test of our life.—A. D. T. Whitney.

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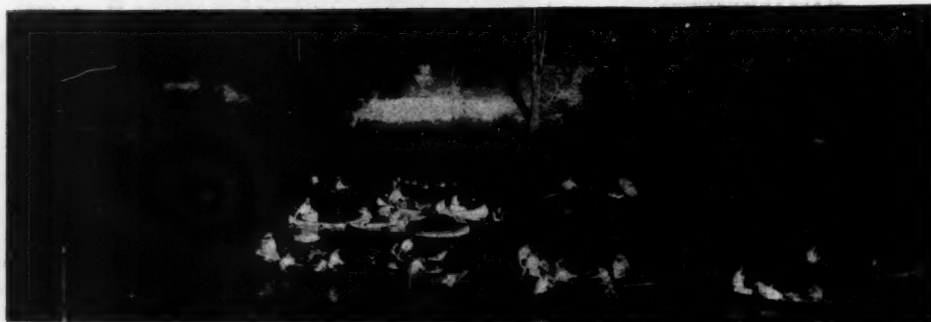
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AN AFTERNOON ON THE RIVER CHARLES



# THE CONGREGATIONALIST

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and Christian World

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## Event and Comment

### September Christian World Number

#### Next Week

The Archbishop of Canterbury, cover portrait, with character sketch by Bishop William Lawrence, who is to entertain him during his coming sojourn in Boston.

How the Japanese Feel toward Americans, by Rev. J. H. De Forest, D. D., a generously illustrated article based upon a recent remarkable extension of courtesies.

The Teaching Function of the Ministry, by Rev. A. W. Hitchcock, a valuable survey of its extent and nature, growing out of correspondence with twelve hundred ministers.

The Green Cap, a story by Abbie Farwell Brown.

Poetry in the Kitchen, by Emily Tolman.

Two London Temples: an Impression and a Comparison, by Caroline Atwater Mason.

SOME of the fortunate ones who have been enjoying the sweets of vacation will remember with pleasure and regret their meditative hours under some roof of leaves or by the waterside. In such intervals there comes an adjustment and proportioning of thought and a broadening of vision, which are among the most helpful fruits of leisure. But with the memory may come a sigh that these breathing spaces of meditation are over until another summer brings its vacation opportunity. Must it needs be so? If the rests are an essential part of music, may not the pauses of the mind be an essential part of an effective use of our mental powers and the improvement of our spiritual opportunity? Is the case so hopeless as we think? Are there not times, even in the rush and strain of busy life, when for a little we can be still and let the calming influences of the higher presences flow into our souls? Is it not rather a question of attitude of soul than of hours and moments? Would not our work be better, saner, stronger and more influential—if somewhere we kept that poise and self-command of soul which is in close relation to the infinite, and found room every day for the practice of the presence of God?

AS our extended and discriminating report on another page shows, Congregationalists of the Middle West, after experimenting in two other places, have permanently rooted their summer assembly at Frankfort, far up on the eastern coast of Lake Michigan, where the scenery and climate furnish an ideal outward environment for such a gathering. Negotiations are now pending for the purchase of a considerable tract of land, and the acquisition of such desirable property, together with the

formal incorporation of the organization, will give the assembly dignity and standing. The promising element in this new enterprise is the prominence in its active management of some of our most far-sighted and energetic denominational leaders in the West. All shades of thought, conservative and liberal, seem to have been recognized in the program of the assembly just closed. Doubtless, as time goes on, each assembly may be made better than its predecessor by eliminating the less valuable features and by centering attention on a few tested lines of study and discussion. The drift, however, seems to be in the direction of Northfield rather than of Chautauqua, and if this emphasis on the spiritual functions of the assembly is maintained it ought to exert a vitalizing influence on our churches in that section, serving them in some such way as Winona in Indiana does the Presbyterian denomination.

IT is somewhat surprising that not until this summer have Episcopalians arranged a conference of Christian workers like those which Mr. Moody so long ago set up at Northfield, and which the Y. M. C. A. has been carrying on for many years at Lake Geneva, Wis., and for several years at Silver Bay, N. Y. But the tenor of the reports of the conference held this year at Richfield Springs, N. Y., shows that the experiment has been a pronounced success, and that from this time on adherents of the Protestant Episcopal Church who wish to combine spiritual refreshment, administrative illumination and physical rest will congregate together. One can understand, even though one cannot wholly admire the impulse which has led to this strictly sectarian assembly; but the disposition to "flock by themselves" being as it is, it is only in order to express gratification that "churchmen of all schools and no school of thought"—to quote the *Living Church*—have found it possible to fraternize. A serious discussion of the problem of religious instruction of the young led to the passing of resolutions calling on the coming General Convention of the Church to give adequate attention to this vital matter. We are glad to note also that it was urged that "churchmen" in universities and colleges should not hold aloof from other Christian workers, but should, so far as possible, co-operate with them. There are Episcopalians at Harvard who in their assumed superiority never darken the college chapel doors during their college course, save on the Sunday when the baccalaureate sermon is preached.

IF personal testimony counts for anything, the religious summer assembly almost invariably rewards those who attend it in the right spirit. We are getting, from year to year, an accumulation of such testimony, and we could easily extend the material which appears on another page summing up from various points of view the impressions which several persons have received from being at Northfield and Silver Bay this past summer. It will be observed that pastors, association workers and representatives of the laity join in this favorable verdict, and each specifies different particulars in which the conferences have proved beneficial. In conversation with a number of, so-to-speak, everyday Christians who have just returned from one or the other of these summer assemblages, we have been impressed with the fact that the reality of the religious life had been borne in on them in a new way. Definite help in Bible study had been gained and ideas with regard to righteous living day by day and Christian service in the world had been broadened. Of course, if one can get out of the usual means of grace at his disposal such uplifts of spirit as Northfield, Silver Bay and Frankfort bring, none of them becomes necessary to him. But the question remains for the average Christian, "Is there such an equivalent?"

AS Sec. Charles E. St. John of the American Unitarian Association has traveled about this summer in the country districts of New England, his righteous soul has been vexed by the mediæval and outré religious teaching which he has heard in several places. Ultra-orthodoxy, Adventism running riot, weak emotionalism, have seemed to him to be put in the place of a warm, gracious and inspiring faith. But such preaching, even though it draws a few devotees, fails to attract more than ten per cent. of the population of a given community. So he has realized, as never before, the need of a zealous propaganda of Unitarianism and he suggests the sending out of an earnest band of field agents to teach and preach in schoolhouses, parlors or tents, even from door to door, if need be, until "every inhabitant of New England and beyond has caught the vision of God as we see him, and learned what we mean when we say that death is not a curse, labor not a doom and hell not a finality." This degree of evangelistic fervor has not always characterized New England Unitarianism, but there are indications that it represents the spirit of

the younger Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, and of his associate, Mr. St. John. But we beg leave to suggest that the positive rather than the negative and critical proclamation of the gospel is what benighted communities as well as more enlightened towns and cities need.

IT is not merely the man in the pulpit who has aroused Mr. St. John this summer, but the people in the pews have also produced in him a serious mood, and in a later issue of the *Christian Register* he expresses his wonder over the fact that for two hours and a half in a little country town a few participants in an experience meeting, chiefly women, can go on bringing to the front "the same phrases, the same conceptions of what it is to be saved, the same unintelligent horror of death, the same feeling that continued escape from death is a special mark of God's favor." But Mr. St. John saw beneath this the fixed determination to fight sin and live the good life. Yet he says such a meeting is well-nigh an impossibility among Unitarian Christians, whose central thought is not what Jesus has done for them, but rather what they, acting in the spirit of Jesus, can do for mankind. He goes on, nevertheless, to deprecate the tendency in his denomination to leave to ministers chiefly the whole burden, joy and power of religious utterance. But is not that tendency a result of over-emphasis of service and an under-emphasis of the mystical elements in the Christian life? No doubt the old experience meeting ran into many excesses, but may it not be that one reason why the modern prayer meeting languishes is that people have ceased to tell one another what the Lord is doing for them? Our fathers used to draw from the reserves of their own intimate life with God that which could be used for edification in a gathering of fellow Christians. But now the lips of many are sealed, so far as such witness to an inward experience goes. Is it because our age is increasingly reticent, or because of the lack of any such inward experience?

THE moderator of the United Free Church, as spokesman for that body, has issued a statement, read promptly in all the churches, making it clear that whatever the legal adjustments required by the disintegrating decision of the House of Lords may be, the Free Church majority, now wedded to the United Presbyterian Church, have no disposition to surrender the principle of voluntarism in Church polity and relations with the State, nor the right of a Church to alter its creedal statements with increasing knowledge. No return of property will tempt betrayal of these fundamental principles. Negotiations between the Free Church majority and the "Wee Free" minority have disclosed no disposition among the "Wee Free" leaders to abstain from their "pound of flesh"; and Lord Rosebery, with clear knowledge of what the involved case means to future Scotch political and religious life if permitted to drift into an embittered war, has suggested that the Archbishop

of Canterbury play the rôle of Portia and bring equity out of legal disorder, and the Anglican prelate has consented to act thus after his return from America, whither he sailed last week.

WE doubt very much whether Scotchmen who believe in voluntarism will accept Archbishop Davidson's mediation. They already have had quite enough of the justice (?) administered by men who believe thoroughly in Established religion, and they doubtless see what Mr. I. N. Ford, the New York *Tribune's* London correspondent, points out, that the "Wee Free" minority have the sympathy both of the Established Church of Scotland and the Established Church of England; that with the vast property of the "Wee Free's" joined to the Established Church of Scotland's present property and working staff of clergy and missionaries, there might come into being at once a new Church in Scotland splendidly re-enforced financially for fighting in behalf of the cause of Establishment. That a Church taking advantage of money so obtained might find it a curse, a millstone about its neck, dooming it to destruction, can hardly be open to question. Anglicans have not been unaware, as Mr. Ford points out, that growth of the spirit of voluntarism in Scotland meant doom of the Established Church there, as in Ireland long since, with only one logical result—a repetition of the process sooner or later in England. If there be any truth in this comment on the situation in Great Britain, and we suspect there is, it will be seen that vital as is the financial aspect of the matter to all concerned, there are deeper issues involved which ere they are settled will have far-reaching results on British political and religious life.

IAN MACLAREN (Rev. John Watson) rightly says in a recent clever and wise discourse on Pastoral Visitation that among the chief benefits of faithful use of the pastoral office is deliverance of the preacher from "one of the chief futilities of the pulpit, namely, preaching on academic subjects, which interest him very much and about which the people do not care one brass pin, or wearying himself with vain controversies which he thinks are most exciting but which bore the people to death." The sum of the matter, according to Dr. Watson, is that if a "man be in touch with his people in their homes, he will be in touch with them in his pulpit." He lays it down as a rule that "with ordinary men the regularity of people's attendance at church depends upon the faithfulness of the minister's care over them in their homes." "The preacher obtains audiences, the pastor makes a congregation." Talmage had audiences. Dr. Cuyler built up a congregation. Dr. Watson is quite right in his description of those clergymen who alone are exempt from pastoral visitation: the ecclesiastical administrator and politician, and the prophetic preacher—"men on whom the gift of preaching has been bestowed on a grand scale." An excellent article by Rev. William J. Mutch on *The Minister as a Curate*, in the Au-

gust *Homiletic Review*, describes the loss and gains of disuse and use of the pastoral office by the clergy.

THE Democratic vice-presidential candidate, Hon. H. G. Davis of West Virginia, was notified formally of his nomination last week, Hon. John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the House, acting as spokesman. He used the once much employed but now disused form of satire in dilating at length on Republican shortcomings, and both the form and the length of the speech will forbid its having much effect. The candidate in his spoken address of acceptance is said to have revealed illiteracy not disclosed in the speech as sent forth to the press agencies, and a senility justifying Mr. Root's recent emphasis on this aspect of his nomination in view of contingencies that arise from the vice-presidential succession to the presidency. Mr. Davis emphasized Republican extravagance in government as making return of the party of opposition to power necessary. Hon. Thomas Watson, in his speech accepting the Populist nomination for the presidency, forcibly expressed the Radicals' distrust of the candidates of the Democratic party, and the Populist candidate's well-known dread of plutocratic control of our nominal democracy. Mr. Bryan—in the *Commoner*—and the Hearst journals are giving their support to Mr. Parker in such a fashion as to justify the intimation that the radical wing of the Democratic party will see to it that Mr. Parker is defeated. A Constitutional Club, including many distinguished lawyers, notably Hon. James C. Carter, has been formed in New York city to oppose Mr. Roosevelt on the ground of what is alleged to be his disregard for law. It is said that similar organizations will be established in other centers where lawyers abound.

STATESBORO, Ga., last week saw a display of mob violence and human barbarity surpassing anything yet known in the South, two Georgia's Negro-Roasting Negroes being burned at the stake and others being severely punished. The murder and burning of a white farmer with his wife and three children by a band of vicious Negroes had naturally deeply stirred the white population. Judicial procedure had been swift, the guilty men had been tried and found guilty and sentenced to hanging early in September. The sheriff's deputies guarding the jail had been re-enforced by a company of state militia, and everything boded well for a legal and dispassionate mode of retribution. Of a sudden a mob made up of leading citizens of the country round about Statesboro appeared, surrounded the courthouse, ignored the pleas of the representatives of the law—the judge and sheriff—and of the church—a brother of the slain farmer—and quickly overpowered the guardians of the convicted men, meeting with so little opposition from the sheriff's deputies as to show that they were in sympathy with the mob. The awful details of the cremation we forbear repeating. Suffice it to say that South Sea savages could have done no worse, the only touch



lacking, perhaps, being the cannibalistic. Southern newspapers in the large cities condemn the atrocity roundly. Whether the rural press of the section will take the same position remains to be seen. It is evident that the public sentiment of a very large section of the South's population favors this method of dealing with Negro criminals, as over against formal, judicial methods, however prompt and severe. Of course this spells Anarchy.

**D**URING the last session of Congress Senator Hoar was laid aside from his duties by an attack of lumbago.

**Senator Hoar's Last Illness** When he returned to Worcester at the close of the session he was under

strict orders from his physician to abstain from all public speeches; this order he did not obey, and two weeks ago he once more was bedridden. Last week the nation learned that other complications had come with the latest attack, and that his life hung in a balance. Each day since it has been more and more apparent that his life work was over and that his "gracious senescence" was to be followed by a gentle ebbing out of life's forces. With his usual courage and clear vision, humor and trust, he has awaited his end resignedly, giving messages to his kindred and friends and comparing his condition with that of an ancient and historic pocket timepiece long carried by him but recently condemned by a watchmaker as no longer serviceable. Messages of sympathy have come from all quarters of the world to show him how wide the area of his fame and circle of his admirers.

**W**HEN we wrote last week with seeming confidence as to the settlement of issues between the United States and Turkey, it was with the

**The United States and Turkey** memory of many previous disappointments and

false reports, and with a mental reservation that if disappointed again we never should put faith in reports of the kind until with our own eyes we had seen documentary proof of a settlement or until a responsible Secretary of State had officially declared the points contended for won. We say this because reports from Constantinople now relative to what seemed settled a week ago are discouraging; they show the sultan at his old game of evasion and deception, and the American minister once more a suitor for action that we were informed had been taken by Turkey. We find, too, that the American Board has had no intimation from Mr. Peet, its agent in Constantinople, that everything is settled; and he is pledged to inform the Board of the fact as soon as a satisfactory settlement is gained. None would know it sooner than he, or have more reason for letting his superior officers know it. This is not conclusive; there may be an explanation for his silence which we cannot discern. Dispatches from Washington to the New York Tribune, which is near Mr. Hay, are less pessimistic, and indicate that the Department of State is confident that a pledge has been given which holds, and that the delay and renewed negotiations are not serious, as Associated Press dis-

patches from Constantinople would seem to indicate. We hope so. We trust that Mr. Leishman, our Minister, has more than a verbal pledge from the sultan. If he has not, he has been fooled probably anew. If he has such a written promise, then we expect our Government to press the matter to the end, teaching Turkey that pledges of that kind cannot be treated as if they were matters of indifference to us. We have reason to believe that when the Administration moved in the matter this time it meant business, and we do not expect it to be shunted off the route it marked out for itself by any tortuous tactics of Turkey at this late day.

**N**EW ZEALAND is having the same experience as the Australian Commonwealth in regard to arbitration. The utter breakdown of the conciliation boards (for which the Australian acts did not provide) has caused such a congestion of cases that the arbitration court is months in arrear with its work. In order to relieve the congestion a new industrial conciliation and arbitration bill is before Parliament which provides that claims for the enforcement of awards may be heard by stipendiary magistrates, subject to an appeal to the arbitration court on points of law. In moving the second reading the New Zealand premier said that 150 cases for breaches of award were pending. The New Zealand and Australian acts were passed for the prevention of strikes and lockouts. In the accomplishment of that they have largely succeeded. But what they have most signally succeeded in doing is in promoting litigation. In most instances workmen have everything to gain and nothing to lose by bringing their cases before the court.

**A**USTRALIA cannot as yet boast of its Rockefellers and Jay Goulds, but it is taking up the trust movement in a modest way. Practically all the tobacco sold in Australia is now made and distributed through one syndicate. The result has been to give a powerful impetus to socialistic legislation. The Commonwealth Government proposes to bring in next session a bill to establish a government monopoly in the production and distribution of tobacco.

**E**LSEWHERE in this issue Rev. Arthur Smith, D. D., than whom there is no better authority on Chinese matters, discusses the effect of the war on the Chinese and on Christian missionary interests in China. It is a more optimistic outlook than Dr. Smith sometimes is able to give. During the past week a report of the Empress Dowager's edict against "graft" and her sharp reprimand of provincial governors and other servants of State and order that there must be less exploitation of the masses and of official funds has been brought to the Occident, a report in itself indicative of a new point of view caused by pressure from Japan and by the exigencies of the time if China really is to set about the reforms which call for money that in no way can be so

easily secured as by economical and honest administration and collection of taxes. From both Japan and Russia China has had sharp reminders during the past fortnight that the course she pursues as a neutral nation just now vitally concerns each of these Powers. Russia unquestionably has taken advantage of China's weakness and indecision to use Chinese ports in a way hostile to Japanese interests. She first violated China's neutrality; and this fact, so well known to Japan, undoubtedly has led the latter Power to enter Chinese ports within a fortnight in search of disabled Russian ships that have taken refuge there. While Japan has had this provocation and while there are precedents favoring her contention and course in the matter, it has been felt in Europe and in this country that for a very insignificant gain in a military way Japan was making a false move tactically, one which would give to Russia a chance to plead Japan's example as an occasion for disregarding the special compact with respect to neutrality of China to which Secretary Hay induced Russia and Japan to agree soon after the war began, a compact the aim of which the European Powers were glad to approve. Recent events have seemed to imperil this compact, but we see no reason to believe that the United States has decided to take upon itself the responsibility of enforcing it or of interfering between Russia and Japan. That would be a very far-reaching step, one involving a marked departure from our principles in the past.

**T**HE fact that the American and German military attachés have left Port Arthur, that Japan has formally called on Russia to surrender the fortress and city—

**Military Operations in the Far East** which offer generous in its terms of capitulation was declined—and that the Russian fleet made a vain sortie from the harbor all goes to confirm the report that during the past week the Japanese in full force have assaulted the citadel with a vigor of attack and desperation which must sooner or later make its fall sure. The defenders under General Stoessel must be credited with as stout a spirit of resistance as the Japanese display in offense, and when the list of dead is published it will reveal a death rate seldom if ever equalled. Each side is fighting with desperation, but the Japanese artillery fire from points already taken is slowly but surely making life in the town and on the vessels of the fleet insecure, and the mad rushes of the Japanese infantry from time to time bring point after point of the outer works under Japanese control. Study of the battles fought on the 10th and 14th, which practically put both the Port Arthur and Vladivostok fleets out of action and ended Russian naval power in the North Pacific, shows that the Japanese fought at long range with phenomenal accuracy, succeeding in inflicting a maximum of injury with a minimum of risk or loss. The later battle with the Russian cruiser Novik, in which she was defeated and stranded, was one in which she was outclassed. The campaign in Manchuria is relatively unsensational in its aspects compared with the Port Arthur fight and the strife over Chinese

neutrality, but it must be said that General Kuropatkin is conducting a masterly retreat.

### George Frisbie Hoar

Up to the time he was admitted to the Bar Mr. Hoar has told us that his dream and highest ambition was to be an office lawyer, making deeds and giving advice in small transactions, earning fifteen hundred dollars a year possibly, living quietly as a bachelor in limited quarters, with any surplus income devoted to the collection of choice and beloved books.

How different the career now drawing to its close! Instead of an office lawyer in a provincial city, a jurist, orator and political leader of national repute, with an exceptionally long and varied service in the service of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the American Republic and mankind must be mourned and appraised.

If the great ethical issue of slavery's abolition and the great political issue of the nation's preservation had not come to woo from their safe retreats and fond professional ambitions the flower of the young manhood of the North, it is quite probable that Mr. Hoar might have lived out his life in Worcester, been conspicuous as an orator in New England, and perhaps been honored by his native state in ways which she finds convenient when her sons show culture and ambition. But when issues arose that involved the liberty of a race and the perpetuation of the republic, it was foreordained that he who had hoped to be a councillor and bibliophile recluse must play his part on a broader stage.

The life record which we are called upon to contemplate has been a noble one, and will be so judged wherever there are those who have known the man personally or who have carefully weighed his words and deeds.

He has invariably stood for liberty—liberty of industrial service, liberty of the franchise, liberty of thought, liberty of belief.

He has shown that culture and statesmanship are not rivals but partners to mutual profit.

He has exemplified in domestic life the chivalry and purity without which nations rot, and never more quickly than when the high and mighty set the lowly and weak a corrupting example.

He has been content with a modest income, a simple life; and been willing not only to give himself, but much of his inherited or patiently acquired fortune to his country, if thereby he might be true to his ideals and escape the sordid and vulgar type of living to which too many of our public men in Washington now are succumbing.

He has retained a devoutness of faith, a loyalty to the conception of God as Person and Providence, to Jesus as the Saviour of mankind, to the Sermon on the Mount as a working plan for human fraternity, which not a few men formally identified with religion and ecclesiastical affairs have lost, and which few men in public life or of the group of New England scholars and *litterati* among whom Senator Hoar grew up and with whom he has associated, have avowed boldly during the age of transition now on.

Some eminent servants of their time never win the affection of their kind; they conquer respect, but not love. It will be found true, we think, that Senator Hoar was one of those for whom tears will be shed, as well as eulogies uttered. There was a *naïveté*, an ingenuousness, a candor, a quick outflaming of wrath and as prompt atonement for injustice when done, a humor and a far-ranging human sympathy about and in the man which made him loved even by those whom he chastised with his sharp tongue and whom he fought on grounds of principle. Charles Sumner castigated the South and so did Hoar; but Brooks's attack on Sumner was symbolical of a personal and sectional hatred of a cold, exclusive man, as well as of the principles for which he stood, while some of Hoar's most intimate friends were among the men with whom he fought most bitterly on the floor of the Senate; and it is difficult to say whether the most and the bitterest tears will be shed by Unitarians with whom he believed or by Roman Catholics from whom he dissented intellectually, but for whose rights he fought and whose virtues as men and possibilities as citizens he saw.

His was a life inconsistent in many of the details of its partisan activity, but nobly consistent in those fundamental things of life—domestic love, patriotism and religion.

### Army Veterans and the Franchise

Elsewhere some of the pictorial aspects of the notable assemblage in Boston of veterans of the Civil War are described. The twenty-five thousand Grand Army men who paraded Boston's streets and inspected the historic shrines of the Bay State's eastern towns and cities will admit, we think, that they had proof of various kinds that intelligent, fervid Americanism still survives in a section where it might have become weak, if age implied weakness in states as it does with men. On the other hand, no one can thoughtfully consider what the scenes of the past week have meant to youth of the territory contributing spectators without realizing the splendid educational quality of such a rallying of a host of men who saved the Union. Reverence for old age, for self-sacrifice, for the nation, has been born or renewed in the young. Where cynicism has existed among adults as to the character of the veterans under the temptations of a pension system, which however fine in motive has not been free from scandals of administration, it has been dispelled, or if not that, then modified. The republic has been shown to be grateful, the populace capable of a display of passionate enthusiasm for battle-scarred symbols and battle-tried heroes.

While there have been striking acts and words during the encampment showing that amity prevails now between former combatants and that Federal and Confederate soldiers can now sit down at the same camp fire and extol each others bravery and admit each others conscientious adherence to what each believed to be right, nevertheless we note that the G. A. R. is of the opinion that Northern representatives in Congress and the President still have duties to perform which run contrary to the opinion of the South.

Thus the following resolution was passed by the veterans:

We especially commend for the support of the encampment that portion of the address of the commander-in-chief which declares the necessity of maintaining all the results of the great war, the equality before the law of all Americans, the right of a man to contract his labor and to keep his contract without interference; and a hope that no aspect of slavery may ever find recognition in any part of the Union, and that no stealthy encroachment may ever be successfully made upon the rights of men secured by our struggles, and we recommend that this encampment formulate and adopt resolutions affirming these ideas. If any modification of the franchise of voting ever should be necessary, such modification should be along lines of intelligence and fitness, and not along lines of race or color.

Thus speaks the Old Guard. What will the new generation make reply?

### Is God a Person

We shall make a great mistake if in looking for the forces that are undermining Christian faith and life today we stop with the mere externals—the Sunday paper, the theater, the bicycle, golf, Christian Science, Dowieism, or that sheep in wolf's clothing, the Higher Criticism. The skirmishers of the Church are prone to shoot at the first head that comes in sight, be it that of friend, foe or neutral. We shall not find the real forces that endanger present day Christianity until we study more closely and carefully the underlying motives and thoughts of our time.

Among these are influential ideas which have found lodgment in the minds of many Christians without being recognized as hostile to the Christian life. A tree that resists all the winds that blow succumbs helplessly to the dry-rot working imperceptibly beneath the bark. The man who bears burdens all day long without fracturing a bone or paralyzing a muscle falls a victim to the tiny parasite that has found lodgment in his blood. Nations, institutions, faiths that no outward shock could move have crumbled into dust through the subtle pertinacity of inward corruption. Christianity in all its history has suffered far more from domiciled doubt than from external attack.

One of the deeper and more thoughtful skepticisms of our time is that God is not a personal Father who hears and guides his children, and that the idea that he is is a survival of an unscientific age. It is the current teaching—not of science, but of certain teachers of science—that God is an impersonal force or energy. We have heard even a professedly Christian teacher say that he would no more think of offering a petition to God than to Niagara Falls, expecting an answer.

This conception of God is radically, though it may be unintentionally, hostile to Christianity and contrary to the teaching of Christ. A thorough treatment of it must be left to the philosophical and theological treatise. But we offer herewith suggestions which may help to a satisfying conclusion some who are impelled by what is called scientific teaching to ask if their experience of personal communion with God is a deception.

Science, as science, has absolutely nothing to say as to the nature of God. The subject lies quite outside its ac-



knowledge sphere. Scientists may draw inferences from Nature as to the being of God, but in doing so they transcend their own field. Science never has given and never will give her verdict against a personal God, for the reason that she renders no verdicts in any court but her own.

Personality is the highest form of being we know. Unless God is lower than man he must be a person.

A loving worm within his clod  
Were diviner than a loveless God.

Divine personality may be infinitely more than human, it cannot be less.

A personal God is the only one who satisfies the deepest longing of the human heart. Such a longing points to a fulfillment.

The most convincing, as well as persuasive, teacher the world has ever seen taught, as the very substratum of all truth, the divine Fatherhood. Who can imagine Jesus spending the night on the hilltop with an impersonal force or energy? What could he mean in teaching his disciples to begin their prayer with claims of childhood and to continue with petition if the Fatherhood of God were a mere figure of speech? The very essence of his gospel perishes if there is neither personal love nor parental care behind phenomena.

Where science is of necessity dumb, faith finds its field and utterance. We assert belief; our knowledge lies in the realm of personal acquaintance and not of laboratory demonstration. If we give up our trust in a personal God, our Father and our hope, we are yielding an opportunity of acquaintance for no settled truth, but for a mere tentative and tenuous scientific inference. The unbelieving scientist's denial is in the nature of things incapable of proof. The Christian experiment grows to a personal certainty through the teaching of the Spirit of God.

### The Curse of Established Religions

By its Education Act of 1902 the British Parliament arrayed against the law of the land in conscientious protest a majority of the Free Churchmen of England. By its recent decision respecting the Free Church of Scotland the House of Lords' judicial committee has arrayed against it the deepest sentiments and convictions of a majority of Scotchmen, whatever their Presbyterian affiliations. By its recent legislation supplementing the Education Act of 1902, but bearing especially on Welsh conditions and intended to defeat the successful Welsh uprising against the Education Act, the Balfour Ministry and its subservient parliamentary majority has arrayed against it the Welsh people with a unanimity and fierceness which Wales has never known before. So un mindful of traditions of British fair play and parliamentary dignity was the Balfour Ministry in its enactment of the legislation calculated to override Home Rule and preserve the power of the Anglican clergy, that the Opposition led by Lloyd-George and Mr. Asquith walked out of the House of Commons as a mode of showing their indignation at the insulting conduct of Mr. Balfour.

Union of Church and State, alliance between ecclesiastics and politicians, when

has it not brought evil both upon Church and State! How divisive legislative enactments and judicial decrees may be when they are the fruit of the secular spirit dealing with spiritual possessions! Christian unity in England is farther off today than it was a decade ago. A decision like that of the House of Lords on the Free Church case only accentuates the provincialism of the present highest British court of appeal, and must help to lead toward reconstruction of the court on truly imperial lines, when the self-governing colonies with their more wholesome life and separated Church and State may have representation on a tribunal called upon to settle twentieth century problems in the light of twentieth century ideals.

### Who Is My Neighbor

The thought of responsibility for loving our neighbor as ourself must neither be too narrow nor too wide. Being but men, our capacity for love and service is severely limited. Words of affection lose their meaning when spread over too great a number of objects, as metal may be hammered out so thin that it falls apart of its own weight. It is absurd to talk of the 70,000,000 Americans as neighbors whom in any intimate or personal sense of the word we are to love. That deep, true, delightful word loses all its meaning in such unwise extension. Our love for all Americans must remain a potential rather than an actual affection. It can be exercised only toward those with whom in the providence of God we are brought in contact.

This was the dilemma of the old Chinese woman who said she could never be a Christian. When they asked her why, she answered: "Jesus tells us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Now I can go to my son's house and to my neighbor's across the street; I may even possibly go into the next village. But I am a poor old lame woman and I cannot go and preach to all the world." Potential love and the spirit of neighborliness were in this woman's heart, but it would be an absurd interpretation of her duty to her neighbors to think that God expected her to preach to every soul in China.

On the other hand, it is far too common to have a narrow view of neighborly obligations growing out of our own narrowness of heart. Because we do not wish to serve, we build a wall of selfishness and exclude from our own opportunity of service those whom God has really given to our care. We construe neighborhood as if it were determined by our own taste or inclination instead of by the will of God expressed in circumstance.

This was the fault with priest and Levite in this wonderful story of the man who on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among thieves. If ever the providence of God was expressed in circumstance, surely it was in that solitary place where a fellowman lay wounded and helpless by the desolate track. How vivid a picture of our denial, when, busied and perplexed with our own trials and uncertainties, we wish that God had spared us opportunities of service which lie along our way!

What then are the tests of neighborly obligation? First of all, my neighbor is he whom God has brought within my range of care and help. There were travelers upon other roads that day to whom this half-dead man upon the highway was not a neighbor. There are countless needs and sorrows in the world which do not lie within our scope of help. We are not to weaken strength by worrying over the needs of those whom we cannot reach. We are not to perplex ourselves with problems with which we have no concern. There is a luxury of woe which, instead of resulting in practical beneficence, lames our strength for service. We could in our modern days imagine the Levite so absorbed in reading a sentimental and pathetic story that in his luxury of grief he hardly saw the poor man by the roadside.

Our neighbor is he whom we can reach. Ambition to be helpful becomes a follower of the Lord who gave himself for men. We are not to shut ourselves in to men of our own race or neighborhood. The bringing together of the world has enlarged opportunity. It may be that the man in Peking or Tokyo or Bombay may be quite as much within our range of help as the man in the next city, from whom we are divided by walls of prejudice or ignorance. It is impossible to love every one as God loves. It is a wise ambition to be Christlike in serving as widely as we can.

Our Handbook Topic for the Midweek Prayer Meeting, Aug. 28—Sept. 3. Luke 10: 25-37.

### Preparing for the Autumn Uplift

August is the ebb tide of the church year. Closed houses of worship, scattered membership, reduced vitality, might suggest a gloomy outlook unless one looked below the surface. But the Fountain of spiritual life drieth not up. Fresh revelations of the Lord come through new environment and associations. And as home and the family circle never seem so dear as after absence, so the church home is better appreciated after we have been deprived of it through the summer.

Already the tide has begun to turn, and many returning travelers appear with ruddy cheeks and alert eyes. Through the coming weeks others will come trooping back, strengthened with new vitality, friendships and ideas. How shall their return enrich the churches? Let every one who has gained a new inspiration, a higher ideal, or has learned a way to make any department of church life more effective, or is projecting new measures for reaching outsiders, promptly crystallize their ideas into words and send to us before Sept. 25 for our Fresh Grip page to appear Oct. 8. Thus they will benefit the Church at large.

### In Brief

Governor Vardaman of Mississippi has shown that insult can be added to insult. Most men find it sufficiently infamous to add insult to injury. Is this "Southern chivalry"?

Death modifies and softens our judgments, when we see it looming up in the foreground. Paul Kruger, South Africa's defeated statesman, said just before he died that he forgave and no longer hated the British.

Twenty thousand acres of deforested land in the northern part of Minnesota have been taken as a state reservation on which will be tried the experiment of seeding to white

pine. The results will be of interest to the many states which regard their treeless acres with concern.

One form of Sunday labor which has increased of late years is dentistry. Dentists in Manchester, N. H., who objected on conscientious grounds to Sunday labor, but whose rivals did not, have just appealed to the police for enforcement of the Sunday law, and their appeal has been heard.

The rector of the Church of the Advent (Episcopal), Boston, says that for every "ritualist" who goes to Rome, five Roman Catholics are received into "ritualistic" parishes. His experience in Boston is the basis of his generalization, which, it is to be hoped, accords with the facts in other parts of the world.

The Rurik sank defenseless Japanese transports and sailed away indifferent to the wholesale engulfment of regiments that went to their death shouting "Banzai Nippon!" Rules of war permitted it, so Russia said. Japan sank the Rurik and saved six hundred Russian survivors. It is the modern way of fighting compelled by the Christian code.

The *Japan Mail*, edited by Captain Brinkley, commenting on the battle of Tehliz, between Russians and Japanese, says that its outcome shows even greater foresight, mobility and faith in the strategy of offense rather than defense by the Japanese than had been displayed by them before. Foresight, mobility, initiative and attack—how much the Church needs them today!

The Licensing Bill which the Balfour Ministry crowded through Parliament is generally conceded to be reactionary, and very favorable to the brewers, whose political power and vast wealth give them ever-increasing influence in Great Britain. We notice that on a second reading of the bill in the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury and ten bishops voted against the bill, and none of the bishops voted with the government.

Chaplain in Chief J. H. Bradford of the Grand Army of the Republic, elected last week at the Boston encampment, is of old Vermont Congregational stock; he graduated at Yale University, had an admirable record in the war as chaplain of the 12th Connecticut Volunteers, and since then in pastoral and educational work and the public service he has fully earned the honor that at last has come to him. For twenty-three years he has been employed in the Interior Department at Washington, but he preaches Sundays to a Presbyterian congregation at Manassas, Va.

If one wishes to discover how dangerous a thing it is—viewed from the standpoint of policy, that is, from self-regard or desire for permanent fame—to write an autobiography showing one's inmost nature, read Herbert Spencer's autobiography, or in lieu of that, then read the articles of Professors William James and Josiah Royce on the book, the former's article being in the *Atlantic* (July), the latter's in the *International Quarterly*. Comparison of the two articles also will serve well to indicate the essential difference between the types of mind and points of view of the eminent members of Harvard's philosophical faculty.

A Colorado capitalist and mine owner with more money than discretion or taste has set a new standard in funeral fees. To the village pastor in New York State who preached a funeral sermon over the capitalist's brother, he gave a check of \$500. The sexton and old friends who had sympathized were also given fat checks. We have turned Christmas into a time of financial strain. The glad coming of children into a home now involves expenditure of cash by relatives and friends in order that the event may be duly celebrated. Why not make the death of our friends another time

for showing how much money we have or seem to have?

Perhaps one solution of the problem of finding suitable men for Western fields has been reached by a superintendent in Indian Territory. A promising field needed to be manned; this superintendent ran over his list of ministerial acquaintances in the East, bethought him of the pastor of a quiet little Massachusetts parish who possessed, so the secretary believed, qualities which would fit the new field. A letter went East. The Massachusetts pastor made a flying visit West. The church at Muscogee was organized, ground bought for a church building and work generally initiated. Then the chosen pastor returned to close his work in Massachusetts and led his family West. But the superintendent who can thus supply needy fields must have a wide acquaintance and judgment that approaches second sight.

Plymouth Church in Des Moines is certainly manifesting a generous spirit toward the great meetings of the denomination for which it is to serve as host for the entire week beginning Thursday, Oct. 13. Its pastor, Rev. F. W. Hodgdon, now announces that officers of the National Council, the Home Missionary Society, the A. M. A., Church Building Society, Education Society and Sunday School and Publishing Society will be freely entertained. In addition the church will furnish free lodging and breakfasts to all delegates and voting members, and provide the other meals at thirty-five cents and twenty-five cents respectively. Those who prefer to entertain themselves in hotels and boarding places, at which excellent rates have been secured, should write at once to Mr. S. A. Merrill, Iowa Loan and Trust Building, Des Moines, Io. No requests for entertainment coming later than Oct. 5 can be honored.

An interview with President Mackenzie of Hartford Seminary, now in London, by a *Christian Commonwealth* reporter, reveals some interesting facts. His recent lectures at Yale on The Consciousness of Christ are to be the basis of a book on that theme, and he also hopes to publish his course on apologetics delivered at Chicago Seminary when lecturer on Systematic Theology there. He thinks the American students of theology have more points in common with Scotch students than any others he has known. His answer to a query as to the theological situation in this country shows that he realizes that what is true of Boston is not true of Philadelphia or Chicago, and that a frontier type of life breeds a dogmatic, conservative type of theology. President Mackenzie was in the House of Lords when its verdict on the Free Church of Scotland case was rendered, and he pronounces the House of Lords' verdict intolerable.

For forty-one years Mr. Henry M. Alden has been connected with *Harper's Magazine*, and last week he completed thirty-five years of service as editor in chief of that long-established, high-toned and widely read periodical. Distinguished editors of *Harper's Weekly* and the *Bazar*, owned by Harper Brothers, have come and gone, but Mr. Alden has held his place by reason of his physical and mental vitality, and his lofty standards for his profession. Those who have read Mr. Alden's books, *A Study of Death and God in His World*, need no further reminder of how profoundly religious Mr. Alden is. As an editor Mr. Alden has been one of the great spiritual personalities of the country, holding associate editors and contributors for more than a generation to high ideals of thought and taste, and by his editorial writings and his editorial censorship shaping the ideals of countless readers of the magazine who never have heard his name or known to whom they were indebted. Mr. Alden graduated from Andover Seminary in 1860, but chose to preach through literature and by journalism rather than in the more conventional way.

## A Little War Bible at the Recent Encampment

A worn little leather-bound Bible has played the star rôle in one of the most dramatic incidents of the recent Grand Army encampment in Boston.

Forty years ago last June an anxious Christian mother slipped the tiny book in the hands of her seventeen years old son as she sent him out in answer to his country's call. On the fly leaf at the back she had written, in a hand none too steady, the boy's name and birth-place, perhaps with an unacknowledged fear that it might be necessary to identify him if a Southern bullet should do its worst.

The next day the boy enlisted in the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, and for three years the Bible was his constant companion. On the evening of the 16th of May, 1864, as he was lying before the camp fire at Bermuda Hundred, reading and waiting for "taps," there came a quick call to arms. Throwing the Bible into his knapsack with his other belongings, he joined the charge in the battle of Drewrys Bluff. But it was not long before, wounded and fainting, he struggled toward the rear, and finding his knapsack too burdensome he flung it into some bushes, thinking to recover it later.

He never heard of it again, however, till last fall, when his sister received a letter from the daughter of an old Confederate soldier, Capt. Alexander R. Oliver of the First South Carolina Volunteers, stating that on Aug. 16, 1864, her father had found a Bible in the knapsack of a dead Union soldier inscribed with the name of "Charles E. Miller, born in Acton, Me.," whom the postmaster of that place had identified as her brother. A correspondence of some length ensued, for Captain Oliver could hardly be persuaded that the owner of the little volume was living. Finally, however, he sent it to Captain Miller, who is now chief of the night inspectors of the Boston Custom House.

But the *dénouement* came on the Sunday morning before the Grand Army encampment, when the old Confederate soldier walked in upon his erstwhile foe and received a royal welcome. Grand Army week saw the two constantly together. It was the Southerner's first trip north of Washington and he was delighted with what he saw, and when Captain Miller's Post made him an honorary member it was hard to say which was better pleased, the host or the guest.

M. A. J.

## Let Me

Pause now and then in the hurry of life to realize what I am, whither bound, and what progress I am making; believe in my possible self in wonder that pulses with appreciation, quickens into resolution, leaps to the attempt, and presses steadily on toward a more and more certain arrival; accept the way and its toil as the blessing of personal opportunity, not the curse of bootless labor; suffer the impossible to go without regret; and allow the possible a little less than all my time: that life may be a dignified advance, rather than a wild scramble; admit the fact that in my path lie both helps and hindrances; but let me judge the storms by their direction, not by their fury, and measure proffered aid beside my need, rather than against my pride. And so, walking with level eyes that can as well appreciate the beauties of the way as avoid its pitfalls, while never losing sight of the road itself or sense of that which waits at its end; let me

Keep the Road Home.

HERBERT J. WYCKOFF



"A Statesman of Sentiment"

## George Frisbie Hoar

By George Perry Morris

His Religious and Ethical Convictions

It was said of Charles James Fox that he was "a statesman of sentiment." Will not the verdict be the same on the distinguished servant of humanity, the nation and the commonwealth of Massachusetts, who is dying now? It was the sentiment of hatred of oppression and servitude that led him to revolt against Whig opportunism and Southern defense and extension of slavery. It was loyalty to the ideals of freedom and self-rule that led him in his last days to protest so eloquently against what seemed to him injustice done the Filipinos by his fellow-countrymen. It has been sentiment which has made him so passionate a defender of New England and Massachusetts, so ardent a partisan of the political party which he helped to create, so kindly a critic of men South as well as North who had appealed to his heart's affections. The very ingenuousness and passionateness of his loves and hates, in a day increasingly rationalistic, cool and calculating and opportunist in temper, has made him a marked man, and endeared him to many, at least to the remnant who respect feeling and know a lover when they see him.

But there have been higher sentiments controlling him than those above mentioned. Senator Hoar has known God and loved him. He has been reverent and obedient to the spiritual visions of his youth. The simple, fundamental principles of personal religion, of the relations of Church and State, of the common priesthood of believers, of the duty of obedience to the laws of God and man, of the interdependence of religion and ethics which were held by the Pilgrim fathers of New England, he has never ceased to champion or—what is more important—live up to; and consequently he has come to be revered as a citizen of a noble type, a public servant devoid of self-interest, a defender of the fundamentals of Christian theism and Christian democracy.

Massachusetts has had eminent public servants throughout her long history who have not hesitated publicly to give utterance to their deepest religious convictions. Webster, for instance, whatever his consistency or inconsistency of life may have been, was one who revered and feared God. But he never was as openly identified with institutional religion during his public career as Senator Hoar has been. Charles Sumner theologically was an ultra-radical in a radical epoch, but his ethic was the Christian ethic, and King's Chapel knew him as worshiper. But it is impossible to conceive of his frigid, egoistic nature ever throwing itself as wholeheartedly into championship of formal worship of God, preservation of Sunday as a day of rest and worship, and the necessity of deep, vital, personal religion, as Senator Hoar did.

Senator Hoar's mental stores abounded in choicest quotations from and most apt allusions to the best of the Greek, Roman

and English literatures, but interwoven with this secular woof was the warp of the Old and New Testament, the best hymns of the Church, the intimate confessions of the saints of all ages, and his own reflection on the profoundest themes of religion. The only time I ever enjoyed the felicity of a glimpse of his beautiful home life in Worcester was in following up a clue given me by the late Prof. Egbert Smyth of Andover Seminary as to Senator Hoar's profound admiration for the mystical—not the metaphysical—outputtings of Jonathan Edwards, and the quiet distribution by him among his most intimate friends of a little known but singularly beautiful conception by Edwards in which Jesus

to describe Senator Hoar as a Unitarian of the more conservative, spiritual and constructive type more common in eastern Massachusetts than elsewhere in the country.

This autobiographical fragment also makes clear that Senator Hoar in revolting from the ancient partial determinism had not fallen, as so many of his class have, into the quite as dangerous modern wholesale determinism. "I have no faith in fatalism, in destiny, in blind force. I believe in God, the living God," said he. This fragment also reveals him as the staunch, consistent Independent Congregationalist, denying "any magic virtue to the laying on of hands" and refusing to believe "that the traces of an evil life in the soul can be washed out by the sprinkling of a few drops of water, however pure, or by baptism."

This conviction of the venerable statesman found striking and eloquent expression in his address at the dedication of the restored meeting house of the First Parish, Concord, 1901, when, after thanking God that "there had been no counsel of intolerance, no persecution of sectaries, no hanging of witches, no whipping of Quakers" inspired from that church's pulpit, and that the congregation had "held fast to its independence, its authority," he added, "But yet our fathers believed, as their children, I hope, still believe, in a priesthood—a priesthood as sacred and holy as ever came from episcopal induction or was ever consecrated by papal benediction. We do not propose to submit ourselves to a confessional. We do not attribute any magic virtue to the laying on of hands."

Then followed the passage, printed in the center of this page, which deserves to be long remembered by the clergy of the country, for of late no finer definition by a layman has been given of what the real service to mankind of a minister of the gospel may be. It also reveals Senator Hoar's own certainty of the abiding need of institutional religion, of the common worship of God by believers and of edification by preaching.

Holding such views, it is not surprising to find him serving the New England Sabbath Protective League as its president, and saying at the bicentennial of the First Parish of Framingham, 1902: "The men who need public and social worship will never, as a rule, seek it unless the men who think they do not need it set the example and join it. There is, in my judgment, no more commanding duty than attendance at church on Sunday. . . . I put it solely on the ground of the advantage, of the necessity to you and me. I believe we best maintain the country we love and the State of which we are part and of whose government we have our share of personal responsibility by a constant attendance on the public and social worship of God. . . . The public worship of God in this country is to be continued or maintained only by

### The True Christian Priesthood

But none the less do we need an arm on which to lean, a voice to utter our own needs, an interpreter to us and our children of the counsel of God in spiritual things. . . . To re-enforce the sense of duty; to strengthen the will; to kindle the flame of religious affection; to turn the thoughts to whatever is pure, honest, lovely and of good report; to make Sunday last through the week; to bring consolation to sorrow; to organize charity; to stimulate Christian activity; to summon youth to holy living and brave dying; to drive the clouds of spiritual darkness from the way of men and from the way-side; to bring the kingdom of God into this world; to bring life as well as immortality to light—these are the functions of the Christian priesthood, as they have been understood here.—From Senator Hoar's address at Concord in 1901.

Christ is related to Nature and her glories in terms which recalled to Senator Hoar Wordsworth's subsequent verse.

Fortunately for those who come after him and who may never hear him testify in person to his love of God and man, Senator Hoar's frequent addresses either as president of the American Unitarian Association or as an important and distinguished member of that association, and his official utterances as president of the New England Sabbath Protective League, together with his many occasional addresses on semi-religious, semi-patriotic occasions, will furnish a body of opinion from which a fair inference can be drawn as to his convictions and hopes. Moreover, Chapter XXXIX. of his autobiography sets forth his final, formal religious faith.

The latter deserves study. Theologically it makes clear that Senator Hoar was no Tritheist and was unable to comprehend "the metaphysics of a Trinal Unity, nor how it is just that innocence should be punished, that guilt may go free." But here as elsewhere Jesus Christ is described as "His (God's) Son" and as the Saviour of mankind, "bearing a divine message and giving a divine example"; and we think it would be fair

attendance upon it." Thus believing, whether at Concord, Worcester, Washington, wherever he might be on Sunday, Senator Hoar was a reverent, humble man, eager for illumination from above, and for inspiration for the public duties which were so much a matter of conscience with him.

In the autobiographical fragment relative to his faith, already referred to, there are hints of a catholicity of spirit not always found among men who are of Senator Hoar's persuasion theologically classified. Thus he says, "The things we (Unitarians) are to be glad of and to be proud of and are to be thankful for are not those things which separate us from the great body of believers in God and in righteousness, but in the things that unite us with them"; and again he says,

"The difference between Christian sects, like the difference between individual Christians, is not so much in the matter of belief or disbelief of portions of the doctrine of Scripture as in the matter of emphasis." Certain it is that Senator Hoar by his co-operation with Christians of all names in efforts to do good, by the range of his appreciation of devotional literature whether by St. Augustine or John Woolman, by his bold championship of the rights of Roman Catholics and his positive hostility to the A. P. A., has escaped the charge of being an illiberal Liberal or a Protestant bigot; and it will be found when he is gone that some of the most ardent expressions of admiration and affection for him will come from men who in religious faith are leagues removed from his point of view,

but who have been won to him by his defense of their right to think as they please, even as he uncompromisingly asserted his right to the same.

No reference to him or to his influence on his time or to his permanent message to American Christians would be complete without at least reference to his optimism, partly temperamental, but also the product of his faith and his reason. He had faith in God, in humanity, in democracy, in the land he loved. He preached a gospel of hope, and contrived to make "culture" a yoke fellow with optimism—not with pessimism—and to make it a nobler equipment for social service, rather than a temptation to deeper depths of selfish individualism, as too often is the case with men who know and love books as Senator Hoar has.

A Hopeful View of the  
Probable Effects of the  
Present War

## The New Conditions in China

By Rev. Arthur Smith, D. D., Author of Chinese Characteristics

Some Gladdening Gains for  
Missions in Unity Move-  
ments and Official Favor

The war between the greatest of empires and one of the smallest has now been in progress for many months, and those who have been watching for any pronounced effects upon the course of events in China have been disappointed. By the efforts of the neutral Powers China is kept in the position of a passive spectator while giants grapple in a death struggle over her territory. There is no doubt a small but highly intelligent body of Chinese to whom this state of things is distasteful, but for the most part they recognize the utter futility of any aid to Japan which China might conceivably render, as well as the serious danger which the mere attempt to give it would almost inevitably bring upon China.

That the imperfectly disciplined troops of Gen. Ma Yü K'un should thirst for an opportunity to join in the fray is natural, but this need not have any influence upon the course of events. Those Chinese who know enough to entitle their opinions to weight entertain a high regard for the military achievements of the Japanese on sea and land; yet it may well be doubted whether any of them have an adequate idea of the reasons why it would be physically, psychologically and morally impossible that the Chinese themselves should do any of the same things. In order to do this it would be literally necessary to reconstruct the Chinese race.

Those qualities which were seen to distinguish the Japanese troops in 1900-01 have during the terrible conflict of 1904 been far more strongly emphasized. The martial spirit pervading the Japanese army resembles the blood in arterial circulation of a man in abundant physical health—there is an abundance of it and it is uniformly diffused. It is combined with an optimistic and a fatalistic patriotism which considers the preservation of an individual life, or of any number of them, as an unimportant matter as compared with the illustration of a general principle of loyalty and honor. Soldiers who can stand at attention and in a body go down to the bottom of the sea crying, "Banzai Nippon," rather than submit to be rescued by the enemy, can never be really beaten. The resolute determination shown in the attack on the Ch'i Hua Gate in Peking is exactly paralleled by that exhibited at the crossing of the Yalu and the storming of the Russian "impregnable" defenses at Nan Shan and elsewhere. It is not surprising that these wonderful traits, when combined with the talent for plan, for minute fidelity to a plan and for an alert execution of every plan seldom if ever so well illustrated before, make it evident to

the most skeptical that a practically new force has entered the world, soon to become a far more important factor than has been supposed possible.

### IS THERE A "YELLOW PERIL?"

Under these somewhat startling conditions, it is by no means singular that the "yellow peril" talk has been growing in volume and in earnestness.

If the Japanese are capable of all this, and more, is there any limit to what they will attempt? Will not China become her vassal and be given over bound hand and foot to be molded by Japan at her will? Perhaps so, and perhaps otherwise; but at all events the West has for some decades been definitely dominated by an evolutionary philosophy which teaches the "survival of the fittest" and other like tenets, and now that Japan shows herself to be admirably adapted to survive, is it worth our while to move the repeal of this "law" for our own convenience, and if we do so, will it be repealed?

If the partial (or the complete) triumph of Nippon should mean the cessation of the attacks upon the "administrative entity" of China, and its rehabilitation as "a going concern" for some ages in the future, there is excellent reason for the opinion that it may be not only the best thing possible for China, but likewise for those lands of the West which for an entire generation have been engaged in a demoralizing contest for the exploiting of an ancient empire upon which they have never had any rightful claim.

### THE EFFECT ON MISSIONS

Of the possible future relations of the war to missionary work in the far East it will be easier to speak more intelligently when the war shall be over. At present the interruption appears to be much less than might have been expected. The Korean missionaries were no doubt right in their judgment that it was their duty to remain at their posts, and those in Manchuria equally so in complying with the summons to leave many of their stations until the trend of events could be ascertained. Some of the gentlemen, however, remained where they were, and others have already returned. As in 1900-01, it is probable that there may thus be invaluable opportunities for influential action which would else be lost. Some of the men and most of the women in the Manchurian Mission have temporarily joined themselves to some of the other missions in the Chihli province, where they were outside the field of possible hostilities, and where their help has been much appreciated.

In case of Russian domination of Manchuria, there is a strong probability that these workers would be obliged to look elsewhere for a footing, for the repressive and ruthless methods of the Giant of the North are well known and do not change.

### REFORM SMOULDERING

Meantime the great, clumsy Chinese Junk-of-State lumbers on in its slow and aimless journey without progress, without method, and without even "subliminal" consciousness of any aim. The "court" goes on with its endless round of amusement and ceremony, varied by occasional freaks of novelty, such as the shipment of a huge painting of the Empress Dowager to the Exposition at St. Louis, looked after by a special *taotai* and a horde of underlings. Yet the whole action is unprecedented, and from a Chinese point of view preposterous. Why should countless thousands of barbarians be enabled to gaze on the features of this Daughter of Heaven, for the conveyance of whose likeness from the Foreign Office to the Tientsin train a special railway had to be built at considerable expense? Unfriendly censors have for so long been accustomed to having their heads unexpectedly taken off, that effective criticism of the "One Man of China" is somewhat inconspicuous; but "thought is free," and from the columns of the native Chinese press it is easy to gather that they often find vigorous, albeit irresponsible and quite ineffective expression. The "Su Pao" prisoners in Shanghai who published practical treason in their journals have at last been sentenced to terms of imprisonment which they richly deserved. Their case owed its real importance to its furnishing an illustration of the extreme difficulty of fitting advanced ideas such as are current in Japan to the molds of Chinese social and political life. These men believed, and said, that the present emperor ought to be deposed, because he had, contrary to Chinese and Manchu law, alienated to the Russians the patrimony of his ancestors, to wit, Manchuria; but what to do about it neither they nor any one could show.

The great rebellion in the south goes on its lazy way, sometimes entirely repressed and extinguished, and at others once more burning fiercely, as shown by the alleged capture of ten cities and towns by the "rebels." What it all really means practically no one in this part of China either knows or cares to know. In the Chinese idiom it is "just that kind of a thing," with no comprehensible etiology or rational prognosis. The intensely anti-foreign Manchu who rules the vast realms of Ssu-ch'uan in the southwest has falsified many predictions by



keeping order and by preventing the recurrence of Boxerism. Indeed, one of the few tangible assets of the settlement of the Boxer difficulties seems to be a general wish on the part of officials high and low *not* to have serious cases on their hands involving foreigners. So far as it goes this is a distinct advance on the past.

The numerous reports lately received from different parts of northern China most affected by the troubles of four years ago, show that all along the line of mission work there has been within the past year a general and a uniform advance. The fluent predictions of so many correspondents and politicians that the Chinese would never again listen to preaching, or read Christian books, because foreign soldiers looted and otherwise misbehaved three and a half years ago, and because Chinese Christians were paid indemnities, have been altogether falsified. One highly important factor in these forecasts was altogether omitted by the self-confident prophets—the certain knowledge on the part of all Chinese that however bad the conduct of a small number of foreign troops in certain places may have been, and was, the armies as a whole were, in comparison with Chinese soldiers, angels of light. The name of the Americans ("felt-hat soldiers") is still warmly cherished in many parts of the country where they were stationed by reason of their unfailing good nature, and their evident intention to deliver the Chinese from their oppressors. Yet though not all Uncle Sam's men were of this description, the sins of the remainder have been long since condoned or forgotten.

#### AMERICAN BOARD INTERESTS

Of the six stations of the North China Mission destroyed in 1900, four have been for the most part reconstructed, and another (Kalgan) is at present in process of rebuilding. There remains only Lin Ch'ing, the large and promising field of which should be at once entered upon with an adequate force. At present there is but one man, whose family live at a distance, to work a territory perhaps as large as Rhode Island and Connecticut combined. Every station is in crying, in desperate need of new men, and of more adequate means for the visibly expanding opportunities.

Actual union with the London Mission in educational work is an accomplished fact, and the same is now to be true of the American Presbyterian Mission. The long talked of union university seems on the verge of realization, with a college of liberal arts for men, another for women, a theological school and a medical college, divided between three co-operating missions, and having before them a future of hitherto unimaginable fruitfulness. Mr. and Mrs. Harlan P. Beach of the Student Volunteer Movement and the Yale University Mission have just visited China in the interests of the latter enterprise, which is to found an institution at Ch'ang Sha Fu, the capital of Hunan, but lately the most anti-foreign spot in all China. These friends were present at the late meeting of the North China Mission, which they were obliged to leave fifteen years since, and will return freighted with knowledge of the new China for the enlightenment of the army of inquirers at home.

#### A PICTURESQUE AND SIGNIFICANT SCENE

It was on June 13, 1900, that all the Americans in a state of semi-siege in the Methodist compound in Peking beheld from afar the destruction of all the mission plant of that great capital, the heavens being lurid with the flames all that night, and the pillar of cloud standing over the city for days after. On the anniversary of that date I had the opportunity of witnessing the competitive drill of 120 students of the Peking University (Methodist), organized in four companies, on the same grounds, for the privilege of carrying a dragon flag by the company making the best showing.

Four years before, the soldiers of Jung Lu on the one side and the savage warriors of Tung Fu Hsing on the other besieged the legations for six and fifty days, the same with intent to kill, burn and destroy the inmates. But on this occasion as judges of the excellent performance of the scholars were Mr. E. H. Conger, United States Minister; Gen. Chiang Kuei Ti, the highest military official in the metropolitan district; and his Excellency Hu Chü Fen, president of one of the six boards and of the Bureau of Railways and Mines, himself persecuted in 1900 as a sympathizer with the foreign devils. Another of those present was Ch'en Pi, one of the most influential officials in Peking, bringing one of his sons, who is learning English, as well as the sons of his friends, also wrestling with the same intricate speech. All these high mightinesses smiled approvingly, and nodded, "*Hao, Hao*," when the drill was of unusual excellence, and at least one of them recalled the time four years since when the foundations of human society appeared to be crumbling away, and we could see the fires of Hades between the rapidly and widely yawning chinks. Without unduly magnifying the importance of a single instance of the altered conditions, it is yet impossible to contemplate an incident like this in all its complicated bearings without becoming increasingly convinced that, in the language of the late Brother Baxter, "de world do move!"

### The Veterans in Boston

BY STEPHEN VAN OGDEN

The old soldiers of the War between the States have come and gone. Their visit to Boston proved a magnet, drawing great crowds from a wide range of country in addition to the wives, friends, sons and daughters who came to share their welcome and to make our streets bright with an enthusiasm and enjoyment which matched the gay bunting and the brilliant illuminations.

The ships of war in the harbor contributed their quota in Jackies off on leave, with their numerous friends and lovers, and a wonderful illumination traced the outlines of the vessels in a blaze of peaceful lights and sent the beams of the great searchlights far across the harbor. All the machinery of war lent itself to a great pageant in which old friends and foes took part, while memory held the field and not one visitor found incentive to wish again for war.

The marching thousands with their banners and long streamers marked with battle names were naturally the center of popular thought. They did not move like old men, though the heads of almost all were gray. Their inscribed flags and badges told how they were scattered over the broad land. And as one met them on the streets and read their states—Ohio, Nebraska, Vermont, Maryland, Alabama, and the rest—one realized what a leaven of patriotism has been mixed with the lump of our national life. One had but to watch the women visitors, also labeled every one with flags and medals, to realize that this leaven is working and has worked—for the women are prouder of their husbands' and their fathers' deeds than they would be if they were their own.

The living flag—the multitude of school children so arranged that their red, white and blue clothing made the Stars and Stripes across a wide grandstand—was an embodiment of the spirit of the hour. These children will never forget their share in the patriotic joy of the time and every thinking man who saw them must have realized what a power this love of country is, handed down from generation to generation and making a ground of unity and an unfailing source of enthusiasm for all.

These old tattered flags which the crowds cheered, or watched with reverent interest, appealed to deep instincts of the heart, as deep and broad almost as the love of friendship and of family, and the love of Christ and his Church.

There is a narrow patriotism which has worked much evil in the earth, but God meant that love of country should be deep and strong, yet not exclusive of the broader love of man. The soldier and the sailor are not its only representatives. There were veterans who did not march in the ranks—men and women whose patriotic service was as real and efficient as that of any maimed veteran in the moving companies. The country gives liberally, honor and aid, to its old soldiers—one remembers the gray-haired ministers who toiled, not four, but some of them forty years in hard places with little pay, and wonders whether the Church of Christ is doing its full duty by them in their old age, either in honor or support. Meager indeed seems the pension roll of the old soldiers of Christ by the side of these old soldiers of civil unity and liberty whom Boston honored on that August day.

From these serious thoughts one turns away to watch with amused interest the little human incidents on the fringes of the crowd. Such an occasion is like the storm that tears up the seaweed from the bottom of the shallow seas and strews the shore with strange growths and creatures. The country had poured its people into town, the back alleys had poured out their inhabitants. Good and evil, kindly manners and bumptious selfishness were all on show—the derelicts and oddities of human life.

Here on the curbstone, between the crowd and the procession, sits a belated veteran fanning with his broad hat a girl who has been drawn half fainting from the crowd. A coatless man on the high steps of a building dances and yells and calls for more cheers, while his wife waves her red umbrella and vies with him in noisy enthusiasm. Here is a country youth in his ready-made best suit, with a big red dahlia in his buttonhole, a slender country maid in blue, with big beribboned hat, clinging to his arm. Close behind is a little stout old woman with an enormous girlish wig of hair plaited down her back and a huge youthful bow crowning it all, who might have walked out of her shop in a page of one of Dickens's stories. A row of boys high up on a wall are making the air hideous with noise from the clappers they hammer together. A weary, white-haired old lady takes refuge in a doorway and shuts her eyes with a sigh of content as she settles down on the step—only to be haled out presently by two matronly, stout daughters to see more of the show that tires her so. The prudent man with a campstool, the selfish fellow who smokes in a crowd, the peddler with his wares, the girls with striped canes and pop-corn cakes, children perched on their fathers' shoulders, a stray dog dazed in the crowd—these and others are sights to amuse and reward the lover of his kind, and to give him endless food for thought.

### The Old-Fashioned Donation Party

The family consisted of the parents, six children, and a grandmother. The annual salary was \$500, with a semi-annual donation party. The donation parties were memorable occasions. On the pages of the church book there are no itemized accounts or statements of gross receipts, but this child can testify that anything nourishing was acceptable in the family, from a string of onions or dried apples up to a barrel of flour. The children's warmest thanks were bestowed upon those who sent in pumpkin pies and doughnuts. Alas! for those country ministers' children who never know the joys of the old-fashioned donation party. O that some genius like the one who wrote of the moss-covered bucket would sing of those joys!—H. Porter Smith, at Centennial of Mont Vernon, N. H.

Ten Days of Complete  
Freedom. Profitable Calls  
on Other Pastors :: ::

## The Vacation A-wheel

By Rev. Herbert W. Boyd, Ashby, Mass.

Another Minister's Recital  
of Holiday Experiences

With no disparagement of the varied vacation joys of my brother ministers, let me humbly suggest the delights and advantages of another kind—the bicycle trip.

To be sure, as a fad the love of the wheel has passed away. Certain persons have given it up and view with an up-to-date scorn those who are so far behind the times as to cling to this as an instrument of pleasurable exercise or recreation. Last summer on a Connecticut Valley road I stopped to inquire my way of a stalwart pedestrian. He courteously gave the information, and then, as we walked up the hill, with an air of amused condescension he said that he had been a wheelman, but of late years had abandoned it for walking.

But are there not things to be said

piece of the year's vacation. Being a country parson, he pitied the poor fellows who have to take their vacations in August; he took this at the right time, October. June will do if you cannot go in October.

The order of the day is combination. All expect to get at least double profit from each venture. They aim for certain by-products with the main products.

With all else this parson's trip yielded two main products:

1. A bicycle outing with all the pleasures there involved. He was kept outdoors day after day. He was doing something, moving about amid varied and changing scenes. He made no long runs. He zigzagged among towns within fifty miles of Boston. He was surrounded by every hue and shade and

dare let your brethren in to see where and with what and how you work?) He got "points." But he got far more—congenial fellowship, genuine "heart-to-heart talks," a frank utterance of the hopes and fears, the desires and expectations, the difficulties and encouragements of his brethren. He found men with well-furnished studies, good materials and tools. He rejoices in belonging to a body of men so alert and resourceful, so carefully trained and disciplined, so thoughtful and earnest, so devoted and sympathetic, such Christian gentlemen and manly apostles of the Gospel of our Lord.

One of these pastors is, and for years has been, preaching five minute sermons to the children. They are his most effective speaking. Another, a man of great dig-



for the bicycle trip? You are free. You choose your route. You start with no train to catch. You stop when you will. You despise the scorcher and go your mile, according to the road, the day, the view and your pleasure in pushing, in three or six or ten minutes. On our autumn roads you have a track that most of the time gives freedom to look about and enjoy the beauty in trees and vistas and rolling clouds. Your faculties are alert to see and hear and feel all that is offered to senses or sensibilities. Humbly obedient and careful, too, you must be, or you come to grief. The bicycle is no respecter of persons. It has the finest moral discipline for all.

The great charm of it all is indescribable. You and your wheel are one. The machine is an extension of yourself. On any other vehicle you are freight. Here you are moving by your own will and strength. You feel that your joy must be akin to that of the eagle's flight, the very poetry of motion. You forget all about destination, rate of speed, exertion of muscle; and you swing along exulting in the flight itself.

Have you tried it? One minister tried it thus:

He had a ten-day outing, the left over

combination of the New England foliage splendor. The whole was carpeted and backed by as full and fresh a green as we commonly see in June. He lingered in trim villages and prosperous towns. In each he found distinctive features. "R. S. V. P. So says nature with her invitations." This observation of Phillips Brooks was felt to be true. And the wheelman appreciated and inwardly responded, not only to the voices of nature, but to the peculiar demands of sympathetic villages and the stirring life of towns. He saw and talked with people of many minds and interests and enthusiasms. And yet he was alone, in communion with himself—and God.

It was a trial trip, and with various drawbacks—a puncture, a dash or two of rain, a little mud and some grains of sand—it was a real success. It tempts him to try longer flights to more distant places. He may do England a-wheel, and then "the Continent." If, as we see asserted, there is a "renaissance of bicycling," it may be that a distinctive feature of it will be the increase of such trips.

2. This minister made pastoral calls—calls on pastors in their studies. (How many ministers' workshops do you, brother ministers, know? And how many of you

nity and weighty utterance, was preparing a special address to the children. These men have their plans of work, sometimes far-reaching. While cultivating the administrative department more extensively than ever before, they are yet preaching carefully wrought sermons. The topics are often assigned for weeks or months in advance. This adds to the growing difficulty of exchange of pulpits. Will it add to the much needed lengthening of pastorates? The short series of sermons is now in favor. (Bernard of Clairvaux preached eighty-six sermons upon the Song of Solomon, and then had but just entered the third chapter. This investigator found no one who had attempted to approach this accomplishment of the great monk who vanquished Abélard.) The tendency seems to be to discard the manuscript from the pulpit.

These men had few complaints. Not one dwelt on the lack of material support. Some were tried by the failings of certain officers or members of their churches, but they seemed considerate and patient. Several are perplexed by the drain of young life from the country church, and more by the general instability of population. One spoke of the lack of men, real men of blood and fire, men of manly, conscien-



tious, devoted spirit. People who live on their history, conservative, not interested in vital things, slow to see and seize opportunities, were mentioned as making the difficulties of the pastorate. But no pastor made much of these. One said he had no difficulties. Another said his difficulties were in himself—the mountains made by fearfulness and cowardice where there should be faith. All seemed happy in their work and expectant of results.

Brethren, the times have changed. One of our worthiest elders speaks of the ministry as having "lost its permanence and become a migration from parish to parish." With this change we have lost the art, the pleasure and camaraderie of letter writing and almost of friendship. In our vacations we must make up the loss. Then play your games; enjoy the blessings of the mountains and the sea; read novels in hammocks; swim, fish and hunt; you need outdoors and exercise. Don't scorn the wheel. Next year try a ten-day outing a-wheel. Before starting read Aristotle on Friendship, and then *en route* call upon a dozen or more of your brother pastors. Then go home to put new life and power into the wheels of

reachings are for the most part shy and silent. We do not put them in words to each other; we do not know how, or we are diffident. Scarcely does child speak to parent, or wife to husband, of the questionings, the longings, the satisfactions, which lie deepest. But they have found articulate expression under the forms of religion.

Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old;  
The litanies of nations came  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame  
Up from the fiery core below—  
The canticles of love and woe.

So, in a true church service, one finds his best thoughts and aspirations and purposes made articulate for him; they are re-enforced by the company of his fellowmen and women worshipping about him; the heart is uplifted by hymn and prayer; some touch of prophetic speech gives guidance to the conscience and moves the will. Associations and memories touch subtle springs; the sculptured arch, the storied window, blend with the mood of the hour. Sometimes the sight of a child's rosy face nestling in its mother's lap, or the glimpse through a window of a waving bough, will come

closer home than the preacher's word or the choir's chant. . . .

Our godly ancestors made Sunday a day of Bible reading. Why should we not take it not only for that older Bible, but for that larger Scripture which has been written for us? Through the week we read newspapers and perhaps novels and perhaps the books of our profession or trade, and not much else. But on our bookshelves stand guides, prophets, comforters, inspirers, who will open their lips at our bidding. What better use for a Sunday hour than to listen closely and reverently to one of these? At one sitting Whittier will give us the heart of New England—its family loves, its inmost traits, ensphered in the white wonder world of winter. Snow-Bound gives it all. In a different mood we turn to Tennyson's *Two Voices*—the contest in the soul of faith and unfaith; the black whisper of despair; the doubts which we scarce dare put in words to ourselves, but which undermine our peace; the answering affirmation of the "everlasting Yea"; the keen debate; the emerging peace, solemn and tender as sunrise on a snowy mountain peak. Who of us knows as well as he should the *In Memoriam*—the wisest, noblest poem in the English language? One might well study it, a few stanzas each week, for months together. So we might take Sunday after Sunday the great poems of Emerson. In the midst of winter one may breathe the life of spring, its resurrection, its joy, its revelation of divinity in May Day. There is enough to glorify any Sunday and to leave energizing and gladdening power for the week after in *Monadnock*, *Wood Notes*, *Threnody*, or in the minor poems past naming.

If one does not care to soar so high, he can turn to those life stories which are next to real lives in the pleasure and power they impart. On an old bookshelf one chances upon the biography of Horace Bushnell by his daughter. It is the story of a saint and hero of our own day. Bushnell's books went far to remake the theology of his time, and they are still rich in life-building force. His *Moral Uses of Dark Things* is a gospel for the hard places. Phillips Brooks's



"He lingered in trim villages"

that church which the good Lord has so graciously intrusted to your pastoral charge.

### Day of all the Week the Best

AN ADMIRABLE LITTLE SERMON FROM A DAILY NEWSPAPER

[From the sanctum of one of the best conducted daily newspapers in the country, the *Springfield Republican*, comes this wholesome, virile plea for a proper use of the Lord's Day in the interests of the spiritual life.—EDITORS.]

Sunday we may call the key that opens certain lofty chambers of man's house. One chamber is a temple, which we name worship. Yet worship is so large a word, covering as it does all upward look of the soul, that we may more specially name this particular chamber the church. See what at bottom means this Sunday service of the church. In every normal man there are deep and delicate outreachings toward some great reality, some lofty and satisfying way of life. These out-



"A road full of the ceaseless song of the dancing river"

life is as inspiring as his sermons. Or we can take a range below these spiritual exaltations. How many people know Benjamin Franklin's autobiography? It is far and away beyond all the modern versions of his life in interest and charm. It is the story of the man in whom the American character first appeared as a new type, full of promise for the world. Few novels are as fascinating. Every American boy and young man ought to know it and it would be good for their

sisters, too. Good company? Why, here are libraries full of it. . . .

The church, friendship, the family, books, the outdoor world—there is yet an inner chamber to be visited; it is that in which one sits alone and takes thoughtful survey of life. When the familiar occupations are left behind; when leisure and calm have cleared the mental air; when freshness after repose, or the associations of the day, or inspiring words, or uplifting music, or the face of earth and

sky, have brought us to our better self—then it is good to look at some things in us and about us which we are apt to view from a lower standpoint. Your relations with that man, for example; he is habitually an exasperation to you; he obstructs, thwarts, irritates you. Can you not in this quiet hour view him in a different light? He has his good qualities? O, yes, you know that; well, dwell on them a little with some such brooding as you have often given to his faults. He has his own troubles? Yes, plenty of them; then imagine a little of the smart and pain of them and grow pitiful. He has friends, a wife, children, by whom he is loved? Yes; try then to see the man in him whom they see and love. Strive to realize in his case that saying: "There is nothing to do with men but to love them; to contemplate their virtues with admiration, their faults with pity and forbearance, and their injuries with forgiveness."

Or, again, call up from your recollections of yesterday, from the recesses of your inner consciousness, that fault in which you indulge while almost concealing it from yourself. That ungoverned appetite or temper which grows in the dark, which may take yet no form in act but is corroding some corner of your nature—face it now . . . and pray that its dominion over you may cease.

Let your thought move lingeringly about the circle of your friends—in the seen and unseen worlds. As a man looks around a rich portrait gallery, studying and admiring, so do you study and ponder and delight in the human souls that have disclosed to you something of their beauty, their upward growth, their love and tenderness.

Can we call such ponderings self-communion? Rather, they bring us into communion with that great whole of which the personal self is but one atom. In the clearer perception of such hours, the better impulse, the larger consciousness, do we not hear a voice and discern a presence which is the highest our souls can know? We may begin to understand, and even to make our own, in all humility the words of Emerson: "I recognize the distinction of the outer and inner self; the double consciousness that within this erring, passionate, mortal self sits a supreme, calm, immortal mind, whose powers I do not know; but it is stronger than I; it is wiser than I; it never approved me in any wrong; I seek counsel of it in my doubts; I repair to it in my danger; I pray to it in my undertakings. It seems to me the face which the Creator uncovers to his child."

Nature, Scripture, worship, love, communion—these are the gifts which Sunday offers. They are not forced upon us. We can make of the day what we will; can prolong our morning drowsiness to the last moment; can dawdle away the forenoon over the newspapers; can make dinner the principle event; can frivol and bore ourselves and other people, or make the day a wastebasket for the week's odds and ends. Or, we can mold it to the use that for us is best; we can fashion a habit and sequence for its hours, giving the fit time to solitude and to society, to worship in whatever way has for us most reality, to relaxation pure and simple as we need it.



### Lord's Day Morning

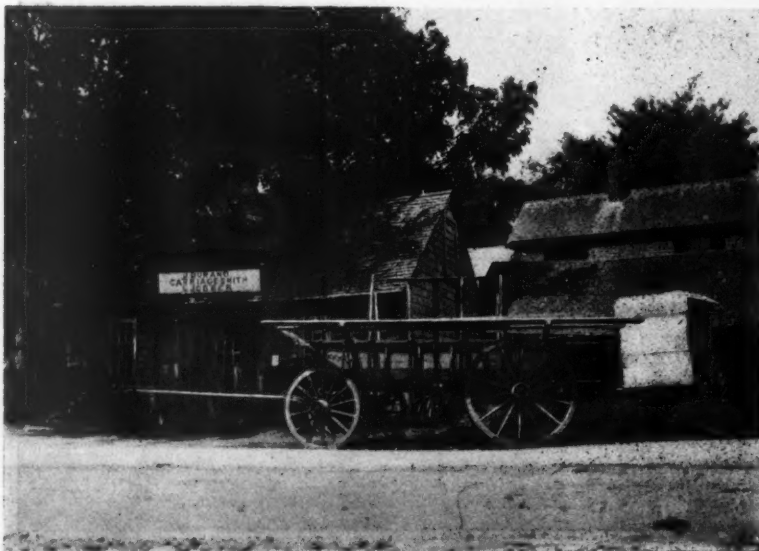
By Isaac Ogden Rankin

This is Thy quietude,  
Thy peace, dear Risen Guest.  
Now doth Thy Spirit brood  
O'er home and stream and wood,  
With thoughts of Sabbath rest.

Through branches lightly stirred  
The breeze pours, like a note  
Of heaven's own music heard;  
And hark! that loving word  
From the shy veery's throat.

Hushed is the clanking mill.  
Quenched the red smithy fire.  
Peace, over vale and hill.  
Come, Lord, our spirits fill  
With faith and pure desire.

We doff our load of care.  
Glad thoughts of reverence throng.  
Sweet is the love we share  
In Thy still house of prayer,  
Our Plenitude, our Song.





## The Home and Its Outlook

### The Highway

All day long on the highway  
The king's fleet courtiers ride;  
You may hear the tread of their horses sped  
Over the country side.  
They ride for life and they ride for death  
And they override who tarryeth,  
With show of color and flush of pride  
They stir the dust on the highway.

Let them ride on the highway wide,  
Love walks in little paths aside.

All day long on the highway  
Is the tramp of an army's feet;  
You may see them go in a marshaled row  
With the tale of their arms complete;  
They march for war and they march for peace,  
For the lust of gold and fame's increase,  
For victories sadder than defeat  
They raise the dust on the highway.

All the armies of earth defied,  
Love dwells in little paths aside.

All day long on the highway  
Rushes an eager band,  
With straining eyes for a worthless prize  
That slips from the grasp like sand.  
And men leave blood where their feet have  
stood  
And bow them down unto brass and wood—  
Idols fashioned by their own hand—  
Blind in the dust of the highway.

Power and gold and fame denied,  
Love laughs glad in the paths aside.

—Selected.

EDITORS grow familiar with certain lapses from good English which tend to creep into the correspondence of even good writers. For instance, in a recent letter from one of the most distinguished educators in America occurred the phrase, "You better" do thus and so. Now there is good authority for "you had better," and many grammarians are persuading us that we ought to say "you would better," but there is nothing whatever to be said in favor of "you better." It is a vulgarism pure and simple. Yet it is growing not uncommon in colloquial speech and not infrequently gets into print. Another blunder of the same sort, for which there is no excuse, is the use of effect for affect. The meaning of the two words is entirely distinct, yet many persons confuse them. Still another misuse of the mother tongue which is far too common is the pronunciation of "was" as if it were spelled "wuz," and "yer" for "you." "Where are yer going?" is a not uncommon expression with people who would be astonished if they could hear themselves say it. Now pedantry of the dry grammatical sort is a foolish and hindering influence, and finical particularity keeps down rational and enjoyable freedom in speech. But these vulgar errors are inexcusable in people who claim to be educated and who respect their mother tongue.

THOSE persons who have never learned to enjoy whole wheat or Graham bread will rejoice over the latest Government bulletin giving the results of experiments at the Maine Agricultural Station. We have been told again and again that

the coarse meals contain nutriment which, in the case of white flour, is lost in the process of milling. And this is true. But now the scientists raise the question: Is there any difference in the digestibility of bread made of the three kinds of flour? If any one wishes to study the latest experiments in this line let her send to the Agricultural Department at Washington for Bulletin 143, Studies on the Digestibility and Nutritive Value of Bread. We can only note here the fact that the white bread was found to be most digestible, and the general conclusion that, even though the Graham flour contains the most, and the white flour the least, total protein of the three, "the body would obtain more protein and energy from a pound of entire wheat than from a pound of Graham flour, and still more from a pound of white flour than from either of the others." Shall we eat only white bread then? By no means. In this, as in other articles of diet, it is a question of the individual taste and the individual stomach. A good many of us eat whole wheat bread, when convenient, because we like it, and that is reason enough, since health is best ministered to by variety in food.

A LONDON newspaper announces—no less than the actual arrival of crinoline among the leaders of fashion, following, we suppose, in the wake of the "1830 skirt." Think of it! ye men and women of a little more than middle age who remember how inaccessible for caresses your mothers were in the old time of your childhood in their spreading cages of wire. Remember how the meeting places looked when slender men were lost among mountainous wives and sweet hearts at church or social gatherings. Remember how many years it took for the cast-off hoops of wire, collapsed in waste places, to rust themselves out of being—a manifest impeachment of the good sense of womankind. Think of the seats that hold five in trolley cars and the results when they are asked to hold five tilting steel traps. Think of what it would mean to get on or off the open cars under these conditions. Think of the ugliness, the discomfort, the temptations to male companions to say forbidden things by way of giving vent to their exasperation—must all these be accepted by the "better half" of human kind? Here, if ever, is a chance for sensible women to show whether they are masters of their fate, or slaves of what Mrs. Kate Upson Clark called the other day in our columns "selfish and unpatriotic syndicates of tradesmen and dressmakers." If sensible women cannot make a stand against a fashion which has been a laughing stock for a whole generation, where can they ever make a stand for anything?

The strenuous life for a girl is a form of hysteria. It is a functional disorder. It sacrifices strength for spasms.—Henry van Dyke.

### The Farm and the Young People

BY CAROLINE BENEDICT BURRELL

The absence of the young people strikes one painfully in a farming community. Family after family loses its boys and girls as soon as they grow up, and the parents seem to regard this state of things as natural and to be expected.

Perhaps a century, or even half a century ago there was reason for this at first sight somewhat selfish proceeding on the part of the young people. Implements were few and hand labor heavy and slow of accomplishment. There was little to be made from the farm, beyond a bare living. The girls had no source of income, and went away to teach. The fathers encouraged the sons to go West where they could have a better chance. Life was a wearing struggle to make both ends meet and pay off the mortgage, which was a sort of Octopus, destroying all within reach.

Conditions are different today. Farm implements reduce the necessity for hiring numbers of men for the wife to lodge and feed. Milk is sent to the nearest creamery, and churning is no longer done at home. Supplies of food are more easily obtained and the endless drying of fruit and putting away of vegetables has largely ceased. Washing machines, sewing machines, and kitchen ranges, lighten the burdens of the housewife. Comforts are better known; the feather bed has disappeared, the window screen is in place, the dining-room is commonly used, the parlor no longer sacredly shut up. Farms are nearer together and nearer town, and families are not so isolated.

Even the attitude of the outsider toward the farm has altered. The recent revival of country life for city people is significant. Numbers of people are moving from the heat and confusion of the city multitude to the spots where quiet reigns. Abandoned farms are being reclaimed and made delightful homes. Living in a remote district is no longer regarded as a frightful fate, but rather a condition of happiness.

In spite of all this, young people on the farm are slow to see that they neither need to go away for a living or to find something of interest to do. They still regard the farm with something of the traditional idea of its dullness and narrowness; but it is all a mistake. The boy who goes to college need not prepare himself for a life altogether separate from his natural surroundings. He may take a course in agriculture which will open his eyes to new methods, the enriching of the soil chemically, the adapting of crops to locality and climate, the setting out of trees and raising improved products, and come back inspired to have the model farm, with well-painted buildings, new implements and attractive surroundings, and some specialty of stock, or chickens, or fruit, which will make the old place famous. There are many farms today transformed from all that was careless, run-down and poverty-stricken into smart, beautiful and valuable places,

by the fresh enterprise of the farmer's son.

Why should the farmer not dress and live like other people? Why should he sink into an early middle age of indifference and discouragement? Why should he not be in his own way what is called in England a "gentleman farmer"? Many a college man today sees that the storm and stress of business has little to offer him beyond eternal routine and clerkly pay and is choosing life on the farm, with its busy, interesting summers, restful winters and splendid opportunities of development. The new vitality put into the old places by such young men gives results which far surpass expectation.

Girls, too, are beginning to think that farm life need not be the wearisome round their mothers found it. They recognize that country life has much to offer that is charming. Given a year or two at school or college to widen the outlook, they come back aglow with zeal for making the farm the most attractive place to be found anywhere. They brighten up the old house with a little paint within and without; they re-cover the furniture with clever fingers; they put the new magazines on the table and step respectfully over the old rag carpets which fashion has declared beautiful. They find all sorts of interesting things to do. Perhaps they raise and sell flowers, or they find pin money in a mushroom bed or violets in a cold frame, or they discover that fancy eggs are marketable.

Interesting occupations and amusements fill up the quiet days. They start a little club, they take trips to the nearest town, they are not afraid to invite their friends to visit them, for they understand that with straw rides, and picnics, and apple picking and nutting, entertainment will never be lacking.

The new generation is learning—slowly, perhaps, but surely. One of these days the exodus to the city will cease, and farm life will be, if not all daises and moonlight nights and strawberries and cream, as one might wish, yet so full of charm and interest that the young people will love it and seek it.

### A Man Who Obeyed His Wife

The squire laid down the law to those about him, but Mrs. Rawson—"Elizy"—laid down the law for him. This the old fellow was ready enough to admit. Sometimes he had a comical gleam in his deep eyes when he turned them on his guests as he rose at her call of "Adam, I want you."

"Boys, learn to obey promptly," he said; "saves a sight o' trouble. It's better in the family 'n a melojeon. It's got to come sooner or later, and the sooner the better for you. The difference between me and most married men around here is that they lies about it, and I don't. I know I belongs to Eliza. She owns me, but then she treats me well. I'm sort o' meek when she's around, but then I make up for it by bein' so durned independent when I'm away from home. Besides, it's a good deal better to be ordered about by somebody as keers for you than not to have anybody in the world as keers whether you come or stay."—*Thomas Nelson Page, in Gordon Keith.*

### Calling the Angels In

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,  
We mean to slacken this feverish rush  
That is wearing our very souls away,  
And grant to our hearts a hush  
That is only enough to let them hear  
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,  
When the burden of daytime broil is o'er,  
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,  
As the patriarchs sat in the door  
Of their tents with a heavenward gazing eye,  
To watch for angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,  
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;  
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,  
To tarry in converse sweet;  
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,  
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress  
Of the life work reaches the longed-for close,  
When the weight that we groan with hinders  
less,  
We'll welcome such calm repose  
As banishes care's disturbing din,  
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,  
When tired of every mocking guest,  
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,  
We drop at the door of rest,  
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—  
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

—Margaret J. Preston.

### To Anxious Mothers

But the anxiety in all—the feeling that if your children come short of what you think they should, or go astray, you are responsible. Ah, stop one moment; here you overstep the limits of your humanhood. God is the keeper of your children's souls, not you. Beyond the limits of your best endeavors you have no further right; and when you take upon yourself anxiety you vitiate all the work it is your part to do. Anxiety itself will ruin your child's life as nothing else can. The atmosphere you make around you is the strongest influence upon him for good or harm that you can bring; stronger than all your teaching; stronger than anything you can do.—*Jane Dearborn Mills, in The Mother-Artist.*

### Tangles

[For the leisure hour recreation of old and young. Any reader who can contribute odd and curious enigmas, etc., of a novel and interesting kind is invited to do so, addressing the Puzzle Editor of The Congregationalist.]

#### 50. RIDDLE

It may be good, it may be bad.  
The good is blithe and jolly;  
The bad is what you've sometimes had,  
And called it "melancholy."

Now if you wander near or far,  
Or stay at home with mother,  
You'll be, no matter where you are,  
In one, or else the other.

It is, from this you may infer,  
A very common article;  
Yet some there are, wise men aver,  
Who don't possess a particle.

M. C. S.

#### 51. POEMS BY LONGFELLOW

Dear Tangle Editor: Your Tangles are like T\* L\*\*\*\* O\* S\*\*\*\* before the S\*\*\*\*\* O\* T\*\* H\*\*\*\*. I looked at them and said, "Here is T\* C\*\*\*\*\*." So I called on T\*\* W\*\*\*\*\* O\* O\*\* for a drop of C\*\*\*\*\* W\*\* from K\*\* W\*\*\*\*\* D\*\*\*\*\* H\*\* and then I sang a D\*\*\*\*\* S\*\* and undertook the T\*\*\*\*\*.

It was a mistake; I had M\*\*\*\*; then W\*\*\*\* overcame me; I felt F\*\*\*\*\*; as if O\*\* A\*\* were coming on; I was laboring with T\*\* B\*\*\*\* O\*\*, T\*\* W\*\*\*\* O\*\* T\*\* C\*\*\*\*\* said, "B\*\*\*\*\*," T\*\* F\*\*\*\*\* O\* M\*\*\* who had seen C\*\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\* enter S\*. J\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\* as they stood I\* T\*\* C\*\*\*\*\* A\* C\*\*\*\*\* came in and told me about H\*\*\*\*\* H\*\*\*\*\* and said if I wished T\*\* D\*\*\*\*\* O\* T\*\* M\*\*\*\* I must seek T\*\* C\*\*\*\*\* P\*\*\*\*. I heeded T\*\* W\*\*\*\*\* and I called on T\*\* T\*\* A\*\*\*\* to inspire me with T\*\* S\*\*\*\*\* O\* P\*\*\*\*. I seized T\*\* G\*\*\*\*\* O\* L\*\* and drank C\*\*\*\*\*; I was C\*\*\*\*\*; T\*\* G\*\*\*\*\* who had given me so much R\*\*\*\*\* said, "M\*\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\*," got on board T\*\* P\*\*\*\*\* S\*\* and sailed away to A N\*\*\*\*\* G\*\*\*\* in the J\*\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\* A\* N\*\*\*\*\*.

At last I had chosen T\*\* G\*\* P\*\* and found better than T\*\* L\*\* O\* E\*\*\*\*\*. Long before T\*\*\*\*\* and T\*\* E\*\*\*\*\* S\*\* I had read T\*\* P\*\*\*\* T\*\* and could smoke T\*\* P\*\*\*\* P\*\*. Then I said, "There is S\*\*\*\*\* L\*\* U\*\*\*\*. I will send this to T\*\* P\*\*\*\* who ride P\*\*\*\*\* I\* P\*\*\*\*, who make P\*\*\*\*\* A\*\*\*\*\* and P\*\*\*\*\*-W\*\*\*\*\*, whose S\*\*\*\*\* on S\*\*\*\*\* make one take to the W\*\*\*\* I\* W\*\*\*\*\*. They may throw it in T\*\* B\*\*\*\* or the F\*\*; consign me T\* T\*\* R\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\* and dream of T\*\* R\*\*\*\*\* O\* R\*\*\*\*-I\*-T\*-F\*\*." But T\*\* F\*\*\*\*\* can find refuge in T\*\* A\*\*\*\*\* A\* S\*\*\*\*\*; if not refused I will take my H\*\*\*\*\* and find M\* L\*\* Y\*\*\*\* under T\*\* H\*\*\*\*\* T\*\* in T\*\* H\*\*\*\*\* L\*\*."

Done in B\*\*\*\*, B\* T\*\* S\*\*\*\*\*, within sound of T\*\* B\*\*\*\* O\* L\*\*, near T\*\* O\*\* W\*\*\*\*, in T\*\* G\*\*\*\* O\* S\*\*\*\*\*, this A\*\*\*\*\* I\* F\*\*\*\*\* while watching T\*\* C\*\*\* A\*\*\*\*, by one who is fond of M\*\*\*\*\* M\*\*\*\*, and S\*\*\*\*\*.

L'ENVOI.

#### 52. DELETION

(From the first word of each set remove one letter at a time, rearranging the letters which are left, if necessary, and make a complete word each time out of the remainders.)

1. Agreeable; heavenly bodies; vegetables; gasps; emmets; perched; since; an article.
2. Premium paid for the use of money; one who limits; buries; saltpeter; a prong; a metal; a nook or corner; myself.
3. Complete; from end to end; a long tray; rugged; fixed or appointed time; belonging to us; yellow or gold color; an exclamation.

DOROTHEA.

#### ANSWERS

47. Mislal, islay, slay, lay, ay, Y.
48. S moves one space east; H must move one space west; S moves three spaces west; H must move one space east; S moves three spaces north; and wherever H moves he will be captured in the next move.
49. Spar, raps.

#### TANGLE SOLVING

"The most difficult puzzle I ever tried," is one old solver's comment upon No. 44, and the results reached by other clever untanglers confirm the verdict. Most lists of titles submitted fall upon several names. No two lists fully agree, but practically complete ones have come from Julia Louise Ingham, Mrs. P. H. D., Irene Hooper, Minnie G. Farwell, Mrs. Hay Watson Smith, S. Irene Couch, Clara L. King, Holman Crowley, Mrs. M. E. Tupper, Cordelia Sterling, J. T. Merrow, Mrs. Mary H. Finn, Anna M. Nutting, George T. Bowen, Mrs. W. S. Colton. Each of these lists has much to commend it, so that it has been a difficult matter to decide that the prize should go to Julia Louise Ingham, West Stockbridge, Mass. The greatest diversity appears in the answers to the fifth title, and the names received include The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Don Quixote, Songs of Many Keys, The Pet Lamb, Mother Goose Melodies, Jack, Black Beauty and The Bells.

Other excellent solutions are acknowledged from S. P. R., Chelsea, Mass., to 46; Mrs. P. H. D., Springfield, Mass., 46; Esther D. Gill, Boscawen, N. H., 46; E. H. Pray, Chelsea, Mass., 46; Clara L. King, North Easton, Mass., 45, 46; Mrs. C. H. Allen, South Berlin, Mass., 43, 46; Mrs. C. H. C., Mankato, Minn., 43; Riverside, Medford, Mass., 46.



## Closet and Altar

STEADFAST IN PRAYER

*Continuing steadfastly in prayer.*

A throat dry with praying is rare to be found among us.—*S. Rutherford.*

From the deep human heart to the Infinite Heart there is a line along which will pass the real cry and the sympathetic answer—a double flash from the moral magnetism which fills the universe. Its conditions are not found in theological belief, but in the spirit of a little child.—*Samuel Chapman Armstrong.*

Don't make plans till you have prayed about it, or you will spoil all.—*James Chalmers.*

Lead us, O Shepherd true,  
Thy mystic sheep, we sue;  
Lead us, O holy Lord,  
Who from thy sons dost ward  
With all-prevailing charm  
Peril and curse and harm;

O Word, abiding aye,  
O endless Light on high,  
Mercy's fresh spring flood,  
Worker of all things good,  
O glorious Life of all  
That on their Maker call,  
Christ Jesus, hear!

—*Clement of Alexandria.*

I do not think a man need shrink from praying definitely and earnestly because he is in doubt as to whether it is wise to ask for this or that specific answer. Let him go right on in faith, and God will either show him that the petition is a mistake, or He will pour summer into his lap instead of spring.—*R. J. Campbell.*

Mark the place of our poor prayers—it is the mediating place between need and supply. Surely the Lord knew that the harvest was plenteous, that the laborers were few. Yet the plain implication is that more laborers would not enter the harvest without human prayers. I cannot understand this. It seems to be, however, the constant Scriptural teaching as to the high place our prayers really hold.—*Wayland Hoyt.*

O Lord, I cannot plead my love of Thee;  
I plead Thy love of me—  
The shallow conduit hails the unfathomed sea.  
—*Christina Rossetti.*

Ever-present Spirit of the Living God, by whom we are instructed in the ways of Christ, make us, we beseech Thee, willing, cheerful and obedient learners in Thy school of life and hope. Help us to draw near in faith and love, that we may be made like Him in childlike confidence and patient work for men. Through the experience of life bring out all that is best in us and make it effective for Thy work on earth. Uplift us from all low desires and fill our hearts with great and pure ambitions. While we wait before Thee with humility and study the lessons of our lives with simple faith, let Thy wisdom grow in us that all our powers may ripen and grow strong. And may Thy presence lighten our darkness and increase our joy all the days of our life. Amen.

## For the Children

### Katherine's Lamb

A TRUE STORY

BY MARY FREEMAN DUREN

Katherine was a very happy little girl in the summer, when she and Mamma could go into the country to see Grandma Foss. Dear Grandma was always so glad to have them come, and it was so nice to visit the uncles and aunts and cousins, to run over the fields full of daisies and clover, to play in the new-mown hay, to see the chickens, calves and pigs, to drink the warm milk and eat the fresh berries and vegetables.

But perhaps the best of all was to watch Uncle Walter feed the lambs. Almost always there were a few whose mothers would not take care of them, and these had to be brought up by hand, "cosset lambs" he called them, and they grew to be great pets. After he milked at night he would bring pans of the fresh milk and put them on a kind of platform or table in the barn and call the lambs to supper. They seemed to know their names. Some sucked the rubber of a real baby's bottle, others he let suck his finger, and by and by taught them to drink from the dish. Almost every night Katherine would go and watch them frisk about, but how funny and stiff their legs looked when they ran!

One night Uncle Walter said, "Katherine, how would you like one of these lambs for your own?"

"O, Uncle Walter!" and Katherine danced for joy at the very idea.

"You couldn't take it home, for it would be lonesome, but you could let it board with me, and every year I would send you the money for its wool."

"Do you really mean it, Uncle Walter?"

"Yes," said he, "you may choose any one you like best."

"I don't want Jack, because he's a boy, and Minnie isn't quite so pretty; shall I take Lucinda or Pineywoods?"

"Suit yourself," said her uncle.

Katherine called Mamma to help her choose, but Mamma thought there was hardly any difference. Katherine finally decided on Pineywoods and then she took great pride in telling every one about her own lamb.

When it was time to go home to Sunbury, Katherine found it hard to say good-by to Pineywoods, but she knew Uncle Walter would take good care of her. Often she thought of her lamb during the winter and all the time Pineywoods was doing something for her little mistress, for she was raising a fine crop of wool.

In the spring Pineywoods let them take off her nice thick fleece, and Uncle Walter sent his little niece a crisp dollar bill as the first profit from her own lamb.

Katherine was delighted. "I'm going to put it in the bank," said she.

"That's a very good plan," said Papa. "It will grow a little every year, and when you're a young lady you can have something that you want very much."

The next summer when Katherine went to Grandma's, Pineywoods was a big sheep, out in the field with the others.

In February came a letter to Miss Katherine Hastings, 513 Elm Street, Sun-

bury, Mass., marked in the corner "Personal." When she opened it she read this:

ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH,  
Private Wire.

MINERAL SPRING FARM,

Feb. 27, 1903, 10.30 A. M.

Born in Hawthorn to Pineywoods a daughter, weight 9 pounds. Mother and child doing well.

Later.

SPECIAL BULLETIN,

11 15 A. M.

Child has nursed, seems strong and active. Send suitable name at once.

WALTER P. FOSS.

To Miss Katherine Hastings, Sunbury, Mass.

"O, O, my lamb has a little lamb of her own!"

"Why," said Mamma, "it is only February. How early for a lamb to come!"

"Ho-ho," said Papa, "what made her come so soon?"

No one made any suggestion to Katherine about a name. But she remembered a little poem beginning,

Why Phoebe, have you come so soon?  
Where are your berries, child?

So after thinking a good while, she said, "I'm going to call her Phoebe, because she has come so soon," and this "suitable name" was sent to Uncle Walter.

In spite of the wintry weather Phoebe grew and flourished, and Pineywoods and Uncle Walter both took good care of her for Katherine's sake. So the weeks went on, and summer came again. In June the postman brought this letter, with a dollar and ten cents enclosed:

MINERAL SPRING FARM,  
HAWTHORN, ME.,  
June 14, 1903.

Dear Mistress Kate,  
My pen I take  
This to relate:  
My shepherd Foss,  
Though sometimes cross,  
Has fed me well and often,  
So for my part I yield my fleece,  
Your peaceful path to soften.  
Enclosed you'll find,  
If you're not blind,  
The proceeds of my shearing,  
With which to fill your pocket-book,  
Because the Fourth is nearing.  
So please accept my annual yield;  
'Tis all that I can do,  
And don't forget to think of me,  
And love me well and true.

YOUR OWN PINEYWOODS.

"Just as if Pineywoods wrote it herself!" said the delighted "Mistress Kate." "But I shan't spend the money for the Fourth; I shall put it in the bank to grow with the rest."

It was about the end of the school term, and then Katherine and her Mamma would be off for a long summer in the country. "When I see Phoebe," said Katherine, "if she is very pretty, I may try to find her a prettier name."

Do you suppose Pineywoods and Phoebe would be glad to see their little mistress? And do you think finer wool would grow on a sheep that could write a letter in rhyme?

Katherine has a beautiful new Bible, given her when she graduated from the primary department of the Sunday school. Some Sunday afternoon she is going to find all the verses she can about sheep and lambs. She already knows the beautiful "Shepherd Psalm," and when she sees Uncle Walter taking such good care of the lambs, it will remind her of the heavenly "Shepherd's" loving care for us.

## The Conversation Corner

### In the Summer Time

**D**EAR CORNERERS: Many of you, I suppose, are off on the hillside or the seashore, and the rest of you enjoying the long summer vacation at home. This is just the time to use our Corner sign. Now that you do not have to get lessons and recite them, you have the chance to study from the book of nature—it is not “short of leaves” at this season! Throw your ? at every interesting thing in nature that you see—and you will see enough if you keep your eyes open. Here, for instance, is a question I have just received from a New York gentleman which I turn over to you, hoping that some of you can enlighten him.

Dear Mr. Martin: A good many of your boys and girls are in the country now, and must have noticed, as I do in my New Jersey home on my way to the depot, that on a damp, sultry morning the fields are covered with cobwebs. Sometimes on the roadside they are spread out, one above another, six stories high, like a city tenement house. Now on the next morning, if it is clear and dry, not a spider or a web is to be seen. How is this to be accounted for? Can any of your young friends explain it?

E. J. D.

A SUMMER BOOK

No doubt some of them will try. I am more earnest in asking you to notice the things about you, especially at the seashore, because of a little book I saw at Ginn's bookstore the other day when looking for an elephant book for you. It is just published, and its name is *Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes*. I got it and have admired its beautiful pictures of seashore places and things. Two are named—Bishop's Head and Boothbay Harbor—and others looked so natural that I wanted to ask Mrs. Hardy where they are. The stories about jellyfishes, sea anemones, starfishes, sea urchins, sea vases, bath sponges, the house with two doors (bivalves), steeple houses (conch shell) and other common things are made so simple and fascinating that I wish you could all read them. Only two things prevent me from buying a hundred copies and sending them to all the Corner children on the shore: one is, I do not know their addresses, the other—well, I will not mention that!

WOOD-WAX

Here is another question which fits in with this natural history talk.

Dear Mr. Martin: Is it a rule of the Corner that no question is rightly answered—even after seven years—until it is answered rightly? In looking over a file of the paper I come upon a Corner of 1895, in which some one asked the name and history of the yellow flowers which make the hills near Salem, Mass., beautiful to the traveler's eye. The answer was that the name was wood-wax, and that it was brought over by Governor Endicott together with the common meadow daisy as a memory of his English home.

This seems to me an instance of the growth of legend and a popular misunderstanding of names. The real name of the plant is Dyer's Greenweed (*Genista tinctoria*) or, more properly, Wood-waxen, which is the Anglo-Saxon for dye-plant. From this plant our Saxon

ancestors got the bright yellow dyes with which they stained their clothes and their faces. It is sometimes called Whin, and belongs to the same family as the Broom, from which the Plantagenet kings took their name. Wood-wax is a popular corruption of its old Saxon name. Nor can I believe without evidence that Governor Endicott took pains to bring with him from England two of the most troublesome weeds of the countryside. The theory of its beginning from seed in a ballast heap discharged by some English ship on the Salem shore is more probable.

VAN O.

Of course the Corner must correct itself, even after seven years (wasn't it nine years, Mr. Van O.), but how could I get at the truth? Ten minutes afterward, I met on Somerset Street a wise Boston teacher from Essex County, and she thought the plant was brought for use as a dye. She referred me to a local botanist, who wrote:

... It is my belief that it was imported for its dyeing properties, one of its common names being Dyer's weed. It is a beautiful but terrible weed for rocky pastures, but easily eradicated where land can be plowed. There are lots of it in Lynn and Lynnfield, and I have seen it also in Sterling, Mass.

R. B. M.

A Peabody friend sent me a newspaper article written by Mr. Robinson of the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, which curiously enough had appeared that very day, in answer to some other questioner. After describing the plant, this account says:

... The Genista was introduced by the early colonists as a dye-weed, as its name suggests. Dr. Charles Pickering, in his *Chronological History of Plants*, says: “Genista was carried by the first European colonists to Salem, ‘woad seed’ being enumerated, prior to February, 1628, in a memorandum of articles to be sent out with Governor Endicott.” In his *Rarities of N. E.* (1668), Josselyn speaks of “wood-wax, wherewith they dye many pretty colors.”

Another gentleman writes that “some farmers call it *Endicott's pest*.” All these extracts and some encyclopedia references seem to settle the matter: wood-wax was brought over by Governor Endicott in 1628, not for his garden nor as a souvenir of home land, but as a dye-stuff, and that it was so used for many years, until it was superseded by the finer blue of indigo. It seems to be confined to the eastern part of Essex County, although the botany speaks of it as being found in eastern New York. (Was that carried by Essex County settlers when they went “west”?) The historical association of the name will interest older children. *Genêt* is the French name of the plant, and the Plantagenet kings had their name because a sprig of the plant (*planta genista*) was the emblem of their ancestor, the Count of Anjou.

To complete the coincidences of my research, I happened to receive at the same time through another source a printed copy of verses written by Mrs. Thomas of Brookline, entitled *Wood-wax*, one of which I quote:

Have you ever been to Salem  
On a glad midsummer day,  
By the old, old Salem turnpike?  
Then you have seen it on your way,  
What wise science calls “wood-waxen,”  
And a wonder to behold!  
Covering as it does the hill-tops  
With its bright, untarnished gold.

Now if we have learned anything new we may thank Mr. Van O., who seems to

be an expert botanist, as well as a curious browser in ancient corners!

NEW CORNER OBSERVERS

Dear Mr. Martin: I have a dog that will open the door and shut it. He is a Scotch collie and his name is Laddie. I saw a little woodchuck. He ate everything he found. I have a garden, and we had some radishes that I planted. I have seen some very pretty birds. I thank you for the certificate.

Goshen, Mass.

DONALD K.

Donald does not have to leave home to get among beautiful hills! I am interested in his first sentence, for I have just read an interesting article in the *Century* by John Burroughs, which said that dogs or cats might open a door or gate, because that had some relation to their needs, but they would not close it (unless trained to do so), because that had no relation to their needs. Donald may have to be called as witness in the controversy as to how much animals know by instinct and how much they learn from others!

Dear Mr. Martin: I would like to be a Cornerer. My pets are two cats, Lady and Bunny, and a canary bird, Cherry. Bunny rolls over when he wants anything. I am 8 years old.

Rutland, Vt.

ELIZABETH F.

How did Bunny learn to roll over?

Dear Mr. Martin: May I enter the Corner and receive a certificate? I will tell you about the squirrels and blue jays I have seen. There is a yew tree close by our house where the squirrels lived. We would put out ears of corn for them to eat, but the blue jays would steal it from them. What thieves blue jays are! There is another little squirrel that lives in our sap-orchard. I would watch him pick the buds from the maple trees, and then suck the sap.

Norridgewock, Me.

LINDA T.

More questions in natural history! Do jays steal because “tis their nature to”?

Dear Mr. Martin: I am a little boy, and I would like to be a Cornerer. We live 200 miles from a town. We live by a lake called Turtle. The snow is very deep, and I can coast down the hills. It has been very cold here. One day it was 50 below zero, papa said. I am seven years old. We came from Oklahoma. I was eight weeks in Port Arthur hospital. I was born in Yonkers, N. Y. We see Indians every day. My dog Rex caught some chipmunks and a white weasel.

Mine Center, Ontario.

BERTIE P.

We welcome Bertie to the Corner, and hope he will write more about that home of his, 200 miles from a town. I think his father is missionary among the Indians. When I saw the name of his hospital, I thought we ought to have great headlines: CORNER BOY ESCAPED FROM PORT ARTHUR! But probably it is another Port Arthur—in Canada. We hope he has some summer now, so that he can row on Turtle Lake.

[There, Mr. Martin has gone off to the Maine shore somewhere after those summer children, and not left me enough copy. So I will put in the children's sayings which did not get in before.—D. F.]

Barbara was teaching Leonard to sing the scale, and said, “Now sing it backwards.” Leonard turned around and began singing, do, re, me!

Kitty stepped upon the yellow fly-paper, whereupon the child shouted, “O dear, the cat's got into the butterfly!”

Mr. Martin



## The Conflict of the Gods\*

By Isaac Ogden Rankin

Elijah's flight had taken him nearly across the southern kingdom. Thence in the strength of his sleep and the meat which God's care had provided, he went forty days and forty nights across the wilderness to the ancient seat of Jehovah's revelation to Israel. Horeb, the name here used to describe the mountain of the law, means dry or waste, and suggests the barren waste of mountains in the midst of which the sacred history of Israel centered. Arrived at the mount, Elijah lodges in a cave, and there the vision comes to him. For a worshiper of Jehovah, and especially for one who had held the post of leadership which fell to Elijah, the associations of the place must have been overwhelming. The long journey had given him time for thought. The exciting scenes and events of his great appeal had settled into their right proportion. The consciousness of his own cowardice must have been vivid to his soul in the contrast between the frightful solitudes of Horeb and the memory of that other mount of God, where he had called down the fire upon the sacrifice. The question which rang in his soul was the summing up of his own soul judgment. He had been leader and witness; he had swayed the multitudes and appealed to God by faith. Now, questioning himself in the solitude, the voice of God and the voice of conscience alike said to him, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

The prophet's greatness must always be that he associates himself with God's work for his people. No true modern preacher speaks in his own name or for his own glory. But in Elijah's soul the taint of self-consciousness still remained. He had thought, indeed, of Jehovah's triumph and of the uplifting of the people, but had identified both with his own, immediate, personal and visible success. So in the bitterness of his defeat he imagines that Jehovah is defeated. In the loneliness of his flight he thinks that he stands alone in Israel. The lesson shows us how God enlarged the views of his servant and by the path of humility and faith led him back to strength and usefulness again. Note that the method of this cure was by the revelation of God. God showed Elijah what he had done and had failed to do, what he was and might become, by means outside Elijah's spirit. It is when God reveals himself that we learn most of our own-selves. It is when we are most under control of the Spirit of God that our humility becomes effective for service.

### X. STRENGTH FOR RENEWED CONFLICT

There are three stages in Elijah's recovery. From the pit of utter discouragement God brings him by simple ministration of food and sleep. Then comes the long struggle with self in those wild journeyings in the desert. Day after day he must have passed through these experiences of struggle, and as he neared the mount of God must have come nearer to the self-surrender which was essential to further service. Then comes the judgment of self-condemnation in which the voice of God and of his own conscience coincided [vs. 9, 10], in which, however, there remains a tinge of bitterness and the last assertion of his own importance to God's work. Finally [vs. 11-14] comes the revelation of God's character in the vision of the impotence of fire and earthquake and mighty wind and of power and awe in the breathing of the still, small voice of God. When Elijah has grasped this lesson for the first time he becomes fit to be received into God's kingdom and trusted with God's plans for the future.

1. *The flaw in Elijah's reasoning.* It existed already in the struggle on Carmel [chapters 18-24]. There, too, Elijah had asserted that the whole weight of Jehovah's cause rested upon him. He had forgotten Obadiah; he had come to feel not only that Jehovah must triumph, but that Jehovah's triumph was bound up with his own methods of work. When God's workman gets to feel himself invaluable and indispensable, he is like an instrument of too brittle steel, which may snap, as Elijah's courage snapped at the threat of Jezebel. It is essential to our efficiency that we should feel not only that God is the predominant partner who plans the work and works in his own way, but also that he has other servants of whom perhaps we know nothing. Remember how Christ rebuked the zeal of Paul and John when they forbade the

helper who was casting out demons in his name. Remember how he said that he had other sheep who were not of this fold. Part of our efficiency depends upon a sense of proportion which allows of our thinking of the wide fellowship of service, and that God has nowhere left himself without a witness in the world.

2. *God's method of encouragement.* It was not given to Elijah to behold the full success of which he had dreamed. God did not send him back with a mission immediately to slay Jezebel as he had slain the priests of Baal under the slope of Carmel. Jehovah's cure for Elijah's despair was not a wider experience of success, but a deeper vision of God. When events seem to conspire to prevent the upbuilding of God's kingdom as we have planned and imagined it, our refuge is not in despairing cries to God and reproaches that he has overturned his purpose in overturning our special plans, but in a deeper conception of God's loving patience and sure development of an age-long plan. Remember the message to Zerubbabel when the responsibility of the restoration of Israel rested upon his thought and care. "This is the word of Jehovah unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith Jehovah of hosts." This is a lesson which our impatience needs to learn again and again, that the real power of God is not in the movement of armies and the thunder of fleets; that it is not even in the accumulations of a wealthy church and the social influence of its ministers; that it is not in stately temples nor in rich endowments, not in the earthquake nor the fire, nor the mighty wind that breaks in pieces the rocks of the mountain, but in the still, small voice of God's Spirit.

3. *God works through men* [vs. 15-18]. Elijah's program was a simple one. Let Jehovah put power into his hands and he would convince or coerce the king and the queen, turning the people back to Jehovah. But God's plan looks forward through the years, involves a new king

in Syria, a new king of a different house in Israel and a new prophet to succeed Elijah in Israel. The complainor, who first would convert or destroy with his single hand finds himself moved from the center of the stage while new actors in new scenes take up the history. Elijah's first errand is one of self-effacement. He hears, apparently for the first time, of a successor to whom his unfinished work must be turned over. Any man who thinks that the sole success of God's work in his neighborhood, in his Sunday school, in his church depends entirely upon his presence needs to learn Elijah's lesson in order that he may learn to think of himself as but a single instrument and a small part of God's plan.

4. *God's plans bring men and nations into judgment* [vs. 15-18]. Out of the multitudes of Israel the faithful followers of Jehovah were but few. By its refusal the nation had set its face on the way toward destruction. The instruments whom Elijah was to anoint were to take part in the dreadful mission of punishment. God's patience with nations is not the patience of indifference. Tomorrow is the judgment day in national life. Yet note that God keeps for himself even in Baal-worshiping, doomed Israel this remnant of the faithful thousands who obey his word.

## The Young Master of an Old School

William Dudley Sprague, the recently elected master of Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass., was born in Boston, Dec. 19, 1871. His parents soon afterward removed to Cambridge, where he received his early education. In 1890 he entered Harvard College from the Cambridge Latin School, and was graduated with degree of A. B. in 1894. The following year he pursued a course of study in the Graduate School of the University. In Septem-



ber, 1896, after a year of private teaching, he went to Dummer Academy as first assistant to Master Perley L. Horne. After five years' work as instructor in Greek and Latin, Mr. Sprague was called to a position in the Salem High School. Upon the resignation of Master Horne in July of this year, Mr. Sprague was unanimously chosen his successor. His previous service at the academy enables the new master to undertake his duties with particularly accurate knowledge of the workings of the school.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Sprague is a descendant, in the oldest branch of the family, of Governor Dudley, whose daughter was the wife of Lieutenant Governor Dummer, the founder of the academy. As the oldest academy in our country, with a location in an old New England Congregational parish, the school has a history of which it may well be proud.

T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D., has been appointed to the newly instituted chair of comparative religion in the University of Manchester, Eng. There is no higher authority on his subject.

\* International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 4. Elijah Encouraged. Text, 1 Kings 19: 9-18.

## The Literature of the Day

### Davidson on the Old Testament

Two of the best books in the field of Bible study published for many a year are *Old Testament Prophecy* and *The Theology of the Old Testament*, both by the late Prof. A. B. Davidson, who stood in the van of Scottish theological thought for more than forty years, until his lamented death in 1902.

Some critics are making too much of an alleged contrast between these books; it is claimed that the first consists of undated and unskillfully arranged lectures, many of which were delivered years ago, while the other is a coherent treatise, up-to-date and well edited. If this were true, there would be compensations. It is instructive, especially for the rising generation, so impatient of yesterday, to realize that every position here taken was but lately held by the foremost Biblical scholar in Great Britain, the teacher of Robertson Smith, George Adam Smith, and a host of others, the man who more than any other man effected the transition in Scotland from the old to the new Biblical teaching.

But it is not altogether true. On the one hand, we have the editor's assurance that the lectures on *Old Testament Prophecy*, as here given, were used by the author in his classes up to the last; and the reader may profitably compare the author's article on prophecy in *Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible* (1902). On the other hand, the editing of *The Theology of the Old Testament* leaves much to be desired. Pages 144 ff., for instance, on the holiness of God, coincide almost verbally with pp. 253 ff., while pp. 388-392 are similarly related to pp. 395-401 in *Old Testament Prophecy*.

Despite the criticisms of specialists, these two books will prove of inestimable value to thoughtful ministers and laymen, who are pressed so hard with the perplexities of this transitional era. Professor Davidson was in the best sense a mediating theologian, thoroughly respected and esteemed by men of every school. Students of these books, who have held to an extreme of conservatism, will be surprised to find that the higher critics have been casting out devils, though they followed not them; and that they themselves have been pouring hot shot into the camp of their friends and allies. The radicals will be surprised to find a Biblical theology constructed with no attempt to date every fragment of the literature, in fact with a minimum of fragments, and constructed in general on the basis of what the writers themselves say rather than what radical critics think they ought to have said.

The volume on *Old Testament Prophecy* is composed of lectures to students. It traces the course of prophecy, as the chief factor in the history of Israel, from Moses through the centuries that followed, examines the position and functions of the prophets, their teaching and many related topics. The other volume, *The Theology of the Old Testament*, belongs to the *International Theological Library*, the series which began with *Driver's Introduction*. It carries the reader through a profound but intelligible discussion of the doctrines

of God, of Man, of Sin, of Redemption, and of the Last Things.

A few extracts may serve to give the flavor of each book, and to whet the reader's appetite for the feast. From the *Old Testament Prophecy*, p. 98:

Prophecy is the philosophy of history. Prophecy is history become conscious, history expressing its own meaning. But prophecy is not the philosophy of ordinary, but of Jewish, history. Now Jewish history consisted of two factors, human activity, as in ordinary history, and a supernatural divine guidance; and therefore prophecy must partake of two factors also, human insight and divine illumination.

P. 327. No possible understanding of revelation can be come to, unless some such assumptions as the following be made: First, that revelation from its earliest beginnings in the Old Testament to its latest statements in the New is one coherent system of thought; second, that this system gradually grew, and that in the long history of the Hebrew people we can trace it in good part from its germs to its full efflorescence; and third, that the system did not advance in a mechanical way by the Spirit of Revelation injecting into the mind of some writers now an opinion, and then a fact, out of all connection with the writer's experience or his country's life; but that the truth progressed in an organic way and arose through the forms and occasions of a personal and national life, which both religiously and morally was of the profoundest character.

In the *Theology of the Old Testament* no reader can be disappointed who begins with the masterly passage on the book of Job [Chapter 12, §9]. It does not bear abridgment, and we have space for only a single extract from another part of the book—pp. 86-88 (the first paragraph gives a view which he is opposing):

We have in the history of Israel as established in Canaan the spectacle of a people slowly emerging by natural means out of the darkness of idolatry into the clear light and freedom of a spiritual monotheism. There in Canaan, and in this people Israel, humanity achieved its most glorious triumph; it trod down under its feet those debasing embodiments of its own passions and vices called gods; and prostrated itself before that loftiest conception of one spiritual being, Lord of the universe, who is God. . . .

But this is what is false in the representation above given, that the struggle was carried on in the field of natural religion. What natural religion contributed was the idolatry. The worship of the spiritual God came from revelation.

[*Old Testament Prophecy*, by A. B. Davidson, D. D., LL. D., Litt. D. pp. 507. Chas. Scribner's Sons. Imported. \$3.50 net.

*The Theology of the Old Testament*, by A. B. Davidson, D. D. pp. 553. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.]

### BIOGRAPHY

*James Lawrence*, by Albert Gleaves. pp. 337. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

Captain Lawrence was one of the most heroic, faithful and unfortunate of our naval commanders. His death in battle and his dying words as he was carried below have made his name a household word with Americans. Nearly half the book is taken up with an account of his defeat and the capture of his ship by the British frigate *Shannon*, a defeat which stands with the defeat of Bunker Hill as one of the encounters in which Americans glory. Captain Lawrence's high character and great services in the war with Tripoli and in the earlier stages of the war with England have a full and appreciative place in this biography. There are many illustrations and portraits. The book belongs to the *American Men of Energy* series.

*Frederick the Great and the Rise of Prussia*, by W. F. Reddaway. pp. 368. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Reddaway in this number of *The Heroes of the Nations* gives a good account of Frederick's unhappy youth and of the wars and administrative labors of his manhood, describing the rise of Prussia and the relation of the events of the reign to the history of the other nations. He attempts an elaborate appraisal of Frederick's politics and reaches the conclusion that he is not entitled to the adjective Great. A little more enthusiasm for his hero would perhaps have made a more eloquent narrative, but the essentials in good proportion, carefully sifted and well described, are here.

*Life and Letters of H. Taine*, translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. pp. 330. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Two years ago we commented on the first series of these letters and the biographical sketch prefixed. This volume is made up entirely of letters extending from 1853 to 1870. In a series of appendices other literary matter of interest for the study of Taine's work is included. The different periods are indicated by brief sketches, which put us in touch with the circumstances under which the letters were written. Covering the period of Taine's maturity and addressed to family and friends, they contain matter of great literary and personal interest. The translation retains much of the French charm of style. The absence of an index is a matter of real regret.

### VERSE

*Elizabethan Sonnets*, 2 vols. pp. 448, 316. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

These two volumes of a newly arranged edition of Professor Arber's ingatherings from English history and literature show the wealth of sonnets in the Elizabethan times. They are introduced by a new study of the old subject by Sidney Lee, which occupies over 100 pages and which goes to show that these sonneteering poets were liberal borrowers—not to say, conveyors—from Petrarch and the other Italians. Few of these sonnets are famous; others of them to our modern taste seem marred by affectations of style and thought, but the lover of poetry as well as the student of English will find many treasures in these pages.

*Poems*, by Sir Lewis Morris. pp. 340. E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents.

An authorized selection of the poems of Sir Lewis Morris. The opportunity afforded to book-lovers to possess themselves of the most representative writings by one of the best-known poets of the day in so rewarding a form is attractive.

*Kin o' Ktaadn*, by Holman F. Day. pp. 252. Small, Maynard & Co.

The humor of these portraits and characterizations is delightful. Mr. Day's method of leading up by a short prose introduction to his poetical sketch will remind the reader of the *Bigelow Papers*, and carries the reader pleasantly along from point to point. The Maine world, with its forests, mountains and sea, has found an interpreter, and the reader will take pleasure in the power and variety of a book which in unity and power is an advance on the author's previous accomplishment.

*A Book of Verse*, by John Lewis March. pp. 55. Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

Courage and the vision of the joy of life are in these verses. Mr. March has still much to learn of the self-restraint and possibilities of his art, but this refreshment at least he offers us.

*When the Stars Appear*, by George T. Coster. pp. 93. A. Brown & Sons, London.

By an English poet, characterized by strong national sentiment and a religious spirit. The stories and poems are addressed to men known for religious literature or service, such as St. John Howard, St. Wolman and St. John Wesley.

*Selections from the Religious Poems of William C. Blaydes*. pp. 248.

Published by the author who says, "The poet of the present day must not only be voluminous, but versatile; must not only blow his



own horn, but blow it loud." He fulfills this ideal with a rich flow of language, in which, however, there is little evidence that he has mastered the meaning of words. He talks, for example, of "raising to the sky," "This census of a thought that calls its fervor thine." What Mr. Blaydes really means by these voluminous and versatile words, we must leave to our readers to guess.

Poem Pictures, by Laura Case Downing. pp. 137. Richard Badger. \$1.50.

These poems show considerable versatility and have an easy movement. Their best point is in their humor.

Songs of a Deeper Note, by Edmund Corliss Sherburne. pp. 106. Richard Badger. \$1.50.

#### FICTION

Cynthia's Rebellion, by A. E. Thomas. pp. 277. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The story of an engagement of marriage to which under maternal pressure a bright and very modern American girl agrees in a moment of pique. The interference of a friend brings the girl and her mother, the young man to whom she is engaged and the former lover under one roof on the Rhode Island shore. The natural result follows. By contrast the girl discovers that the young man to whom she is engaged is more or less of a fool. The contest in her mind between duty, aided by the strong will of her mother, and inclination is drawn with humor and sprightliness. Mr. Thomas has the art of telling a story interestingly and has made a pleasant book.

Adria, a Tale of Venice, by Alexander Nelson Hood. pp. 447. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net. The author is right in calling this a "romantic narrative rather than a novel." It is a slender thread of story interest which lightens the pages of description and history. The scene is Venice at the time of the Manin Republic, but Mr. Hood is evidently an enthusiast and has given us a noble picture of Manin.

My Li'l Angelo, by Anna Yeaman Condit. pp. 182. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25. Humor and pathos are well blended in this story of the unwilling adoption of a little firebrand of a child into a rigidly set and unhumorous household. Mrs. Clockett's transformation from an unpleasantly conscientious and disagreeable person into a real mother to her own children is cleverly and on the whole convincingly drawn. The reader will follow the story with alternate amusement and sympathy.

Azalim, a Romance of Old Judea, by Mark Ashton. pp. 335. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

Queen Jezebel is the heroine of this too lurid romance. She makes a compact with the infernal powers by which she is to become the daughter and the wife of a king. After a love affair with a handsome Jewish captive, she makes her way through enormous deeds of melodramatic evil to the accomplishment of her purpose by marriage with Ahab.

Doris Farrand's Vocation, by Pansy. pp. 334. Lothrop Pub. Co. \$1.50.

Those who are familiar with Pansy's juvenile books will know what to expect in this novel of a maturer age. Its moral atmosphere is that of evangelical Christianity, and it deals with American girls and their lovers and the problems of their lives in the conditions of a coeducational college town.

#### PHILOSOPHY

The Elements of Moral Philosophy, by Mohit Chandra Sen, M.A. pp. 226. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Lectures delivered at Calcutta University by the professor of moral philosophy in Ripon College. The author aims to demonstrate the idealistic view of ethics and closely follows Seth. The sanction for morality is not in pleasure or self-conquest, but in self-realization. The defects of the hedonistic and rigidistic theories are critically outlined, and the merit of the eudemonistic theory emphasized. The author holds that his classification of systems is also a classification of methods, and finds a unique ethical method in a combination of the psychological, biological and historical. The arrangement is logical, and the comparative exposition of different systems helpful to students.

A Primer of Philosophy, by A. S. Rappoport, Ph. D. pp. 118. E. P. Dutton & Co. 30 cents net.

A remarkable piece of work, condensing into brief space, with clearness of thought and brightness of style, an elementary treatise on the nature and history of philosophy. The reader must not imagine that it has been an easy task, or refuse admiration to a result which is at once so unpretending and so helpful. The writer's hope "of providing an introduction to philosophy in as brief a compass and in as accurate form as are compatible with clearness, truthfulness and that faithfulness to truth which is the last and best lesson of the philosophers," is justified by the results of his endeavor.

Descartes, Spinoza, and the New Philosophy, by James Iverach, M.A., D.D. pp. 242. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

The arrangement of this exposition could hardly be more excellent. The writer not only has a succinct style, but one which conducts rather than breaks the philosophical current. He opens with an interesting sketch of the historical conditions under which the Cartesian principles arose. Although the tendency of the Middle Ages to accept truth on authority was hardly formative, there was another inconsistent tendency which is overlooked and which anticipated the new philosophy, namely, the Augustinian doctrine of the certainty of inner experience. The writer, after giving the steps of the argument of the first thinker, traces their complete representation in the system of the second.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

By the Fireside, by Charles Wagner. pp. 298. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00 net.

The author of *The Simple Life* and *The Better Way* is assured of an audience in America and has a soil already prepared for these thoughtful teachings on the home and the closer family relationships. Only now and then is one reminded that the point of view is that of a Frenchman, for he deals with universal sentiments and discusses home problems, faults and misunderstandings with a simplicity and directness which go straight home to every reader. He holds up ideals of family affection and helpfulness which ought to stimulate parent and child, wife and husband, brother and sister. Here and there are happy little autobiographical touches and incidents. If less intimate than *The Better Way*, these papers show the same sympathetic insight into the human heart and appeal to all that is tenderest and best in us.

Mankind in the Making, by H. G. Wells. pp. 400. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The world is a great birthplace. To promote sound births and sound growth is the real business, only dimly apprehended, of social and political institutions. We must prepare for succeeding generations, which shall prepare yet more carefully for still better generations to follow. The family, thus, is the central point in any right social scheme. This is Mr. Wells's starting point. From it he criticises present democracy and describes a "new republicanism" which by improved educational and political methods shall help to make a better race of men. His book is the most interesting and suggestive study of social improvement that has appeared since *Looking Backward*, and is more rational and practical than that brilliant work.

Women's Ways of Earning Money, by Cynthia Westover Alden. pp. 278. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.00 net.

The most useful book of this class we have ever seen. It bears the marks of practicality and common sense and goes straight to the point without wasting words. The untrained woman, who is really willing to work, will find an abundance of plain advice and suggestions, founded on Mrs. Alden's wide personal experience.

The Tariff, by William McKinley. pp. 260. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

This review of the history of tariff legislation in the United States from 1812 to 1896 was prepared by Mr. McKinley before his first nomination to the presidency. It takes up the story in detail from the protectionist's point of view, bristles with statistics and makes a strong plea for the protection policy. It has been carefully edited and is made available for campaign purposes and for the student by a copious index.

## The Daily Portion

### THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

Aug. 28, Sunday. *Aquila and Priscilla.*—Acts 18: 1-11.

Husband and wife, dealers in dye-stuffs, had been driven from Rome by a decree of the Emperor Claudius. This seems like Paul's last attempt to put his whole energy into work for his own people. When the claims of Jesus made the Jews blaspheme, with a dramatic gesture he expressed the growing conviction that his mission was to the Gentiles. Corinth was one of the most corrupt of the Grecian cities, yet Christ reveals to Paul that he has much people there. In the most discouraging social conditions there is need and room for Christ.

Aug. 29. *The Corinthian Riot.*—Acts 18: 12-23.

Gallio was a type of the dignified and somewhat contemptuous Roman magistrate. He was the brother of Seneca, the philosopher, and finally became a victim of Nero's suspicion. He was perhaps not unwilling to have these turbulent Jews beaten by the mob. Yet if a charge of evil conduct could have been proved against Paul, Gallio's punishment would have been swift and stern.

Aug. 30. *Apollos.*—Acts 18: 24-28; 19: 1-7.

Apollos was mighty in the Scriptures. Most men who have done great work for Christ have been steeped in Bible thought and language. There is no training for mind or spirit like wide and deep acquaintance with the Word of God.

Aug. 31. *Success in Ephesus.*—Acts 19: 8-22.

Paul's return to Asia brought him to three years of diligent pastoral work in one of the great Greek cities. The cult of Diana was rather Asiatic than Greek, centering about a stone, possibly a meteorite, which was said to have descended from heaven. One must turn to the back streets of a town like Boston, with their palm readers and clairvoyants, or to the devil worship and witch doctors of an African village to realize the state of slavery to the magicians in which a large part of the ancient world spent its days.

Sept. 1. *Diana of the Ephesians.*—Acts 19: 23-41.

If Paul's good news was true there was no place for Diana of the Ephesians. Note the width of their claim. All Asia and the inhabited earth worshiped Diana. The fear of the Roman power hung over the town clerk. Magistrates were responsible, and the one intolerable thing was civil tumult.

Sept. 2. *Luke Joins Paul.*—Acts 20: 1-16.

After the sixth verse with its first person plural we must add to this catalogue of Paul's traveling companions the name of Luke, the beloved physician, the author of the Gospel and the Acts. Paul could now travel from church to church. Note the human touches—the long preaching, the smoking lamps in the close upper chamber, the boy in the window fallen asleep and falling out. One would like to know the subsequent history of the lad who came so close to the great apostle.

Sept. 3. *Farewell in Ephesus.*—Acts 20: 17-38.

The elders of the church were the associated presbyters or ministers in all departments of its spiritual life. Compare for the variety of ministerial office and calling 1 Cor. 12: 4-11. Paul's security for these ministers and their flock was not in fortunate events or outward triumph, but in the presence and the power of God. Here is one of the few words of Jesus not recorded in the gospels, a motto for all Christian people—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." The benediction of Paul's blessing and prayer must have lingered always with these leaders of the Ephesian church.

## The Value of the Summer Conference

### A Group of Personal Testimonies

"Why should we have to have such places as Northfield and Silver Bay?" asked an earnest woman the other day. "Why must people go away from their own churches to get uplift and inspiration? Doesn't it make them dissatisfied with their pastors and the regular ministrations of the churches and breed a craving for the big mass meeting, the address that simply stirs the emotions and the society of eminent spiritual leaders rather than that of one's ordinary fellow Christians?" What say you, reader, to this criticism? Is the summer religious convention an unmixed blessing? We invite brief answers to this query.—*The Congregationalist*, July 30.

#### Breeds New Love and Zeal for the Home Church

Has any one church all the best methods of working and a perfect spiritual life, so that its members can learn nothing by going elsewhere? If there be any such, would it not be a great blessing for its members to meet in conference with those from other imperfect churches to teach them? For a conference is not all for getting, but for giving as well.

And is there not wholesome inspiration in meeting with God's noblemen and gentlewomen, who show us the power and the beauty of a consecrated life? True, there may be in weak men and women, sometimes, too great dependence upon these spiritual leaders, but are they not the exceptions, by whom the effect of the conference must not be judged?

So long as the emphasis in summer conferences is not upon emotional meetings or the moving of people in masses, but upon the call to individual service, so long as men and women are taught there to study the Bible for themselves and to become personally acquainted with Jesus of Nazareth, I doubt if the result is to be dissatisfaction with conditions at home. Rather, it will be a new love for the home church as a field for service.

It is significant that in the final alumnae meeting of the Student Y. W. C. A. Conference at Silver Bay this year, when many alumnae told how they expected to live out the conference during the coming winter, more than half were going home to Sunday school classes, to mission study classes and other church activities, to put new life into them. And there was an eagerness for the service, too.

If pastors and church members have a keen interest in those who have attended conferences, give them a warm welcome upon their return and co-operate with them in carrying out suggestions which they bring back, these summer conferences will subserve, as they should, the normal church life.

EMILY D. HUNTINGTON,  
Y. W. C. A. Gen. Sec.

Passaic, N. J.

#### Supplies a Healthful Change

Conventions such as those at Northfield and Silver Bay are open to the criticism suggested in a recent issue of *The Congregationalist*. One of their greatest dangers lies in the tendency to mere emotionalism, a tendency which was, however, held in check at Silver Bay by the leaders. They repeatedly cautioned the delegates against attending too many of the exercises, and emphasized the fact that the various phases of the convention were not an end in themselves, but were valuable only in proportion as they worked out subsequently in the practical Christlike service of those who participated in them.

The "big mass meeting" is helpful as a demonstration of the power of a multitude united in a spirit of devotion; yet, valuable as

it is, it does not necessarily create a craving to attend such meetings exclusively. The pastor of one's own church has the same spirit and aim as the spiritual leaders who address conventions, and does a similar work through drawing inspiration and power from the same source. Why, then, should one be dissatisfied with him or with the regular ministrations of one's own church, which furnishes specific examples of many problems which were stated in more general terms at the convention?

We need to go away occasionally from our own churches to other churches or to some great religious gathering for the same reason that we need an occasional visit to homes and scenes other than our own, because, being human, we require a change of air and food and society and horizon for both body and soul. Returning with new alertness and vigor after such a change, we should resume our work in a spirit of appreciation and loyalty.

Pittsford, Vt.

C. M. GILBERT.

#### A Working Pastor's Transformation of Opinion

Several years ago, rather under protest, I was persuaded to give just three days to the Northfield conference. In spite of an inherited conservative temper, my own thinking was strongly influenced by men belonging to the liberal school, and it seemed as if only irritation could result from listening to the dogmatic assertions sure to issue from such a stronghold of orthodoxy. Brethren, if you discover a similar disposition in yourselves, by all means go to Northfield and become rid, as I did, of an unfortunate delusion. Dogmatic assertions? Why, there are none.

The wide charity shown by Mr. Morgan, his tolerance for all who could not assent to his opinions; and the courteous, sweet-spirited F. B. Meyer, simply disarmed me. My critical mood was banished and has never returned. If you are a stalwart supporter of Higher Criticism and the new theology, and possibly a little condescending to those who cannot accept your opinion, go to Northfield, not in the least to be converted, but to learn how to hold to your views, delivered from malice and all uncharitableness. Go, if you must, in a hostile mood; for you cannot possibly retain it in that atmosphere. Sorry enough when my three days were over, I returned to my parish a wiser and a humbler, if not a sadder man. A little chastening is good for all of us.

The next summer, with more than a week before me, I found myself attending the conference with an expectant mind and a serene heart, to find all my impressions of the previous year confirmed and my anticipations more than realized. We ministers have so much preaching to do that it is a positive delight now and then to sit as listeners. If the matter set before us is rather poor, we have the privilege and pleasure of criticism; and if it is of the best, we can enjoy it with hearty appreciation.

With Morgan and Meyer once more the chief speakers, the conference was rich in good things. They provided no milk for babes, but meat for full-grown men.

I have said there was no irritating dogmatism at Northfield. It was true of those three days, but it cannot be truthfully said that it is never present. I fancy that Mr. Moody, who is the quiet and forceful presiding genius, would be content to rest his defense on the principle that he who is without sin among us may cast the first stone. Besides, it is easy, if you find yourself seriously disturbed, to leave the Auditorium and regain your serenity

by demonstrating to some congenial soul how absurd are the views so vehemently and dogmatically urged by the speaker. If the demonstration, though very convincing, seems to halt a bit, there is great comfort in denouncing the interpretations given of Scripture as utterly preposterous.

But it is seldom that any speaker lacks the discretion necessary to preserve the peace; while Mr. Morgan and Mr. Meyer always enlist the sympathy of their audiences, even when they do not compel their assent. The word "compel" is used advisedly and with its usual significance undiminished; for I have never heard a man whose preaching so powerfully gripped me as that of Dr. Morgan.

There are other speakers you cannot afford to miss. Among them is the genial Dr. Teunis Hamlin of Washington, who always addresses the conference once a year; you are sure to receive from him a broad, helpful, sane message—eminently practical and suggestive. Then there are those from whom you do not know what to expect; they are wanderers from home, but as one hears them, he is not infrequently as richly rewarded as are those who entertain angels unawares. Such was my experience this summer when I went to hear Rev. Robert A. Hume of India. The gospel story I have never heard given so sweetly, so simply, so persuasively. He is to be in America for a year, and if you can induce him to tell your church how he sought to help the Hindu carpenter to become acquainted with God, you will bring a pleasure and a blessing to all who hear him, for which they will always be grateful.

Another discovery has further enhanced the joys of Northfield for me. You will find, as do all the other pilgrims, that you are one of a colony of most delightful people. For the most part, they add to a deeply religious spirit a refinement and culture not always much in evidence at other popular summer resorts.

Even the most conventional drop somewhat of their reserve; strangers soon become acquaintances, and sometimes acquaintanceship ripens into the warmest friendships. Indeed I owe to Northfield my intimacy with a sturdy High Churchman, who looks with wonder upon my unyielding Congregationalism.

Before I went to Northfield I had learned that the conference was held in one of the loveliest spots of the Connecticut Valley. But my great discovery was that the spirit of Northfield had cast a spell upon hills and dales, brooks, rivers and woods, and dominated the whole region. If you receive a message from God in the Auditorium, you will go into the country and behold him in an open vision. For miles about, on every side, the place is full of the Spirit of God.

So in spite of the innumerable addresses it is a restful spot; and he who spends a part of his vacation there will go back to his work with his faith quickened by fellowship with men whose confidence in God knows no bounds, and who have entered into an inheritance of faith, peace and joy.

Why do I continue to go to Northfield? It is all summed up in this—I have been there before.

Woodstock, Vt.

FRANK C. PUTNAM.

#### Sets a Pace for Life

Is the summer religious convention an unmixed blessing?

Inasmuch as it is an uplift and inspirer to better things and sets the pace of life, it is. One goes to these conventions somewhat lacking in vitality and force, and he returns a quickened and keener man.



Here, for instance, is a woman with a grievance. She is somewhat cultured, reads good literature and receives her inspiration from the brains of writers who command high prices for three or four articles each year. She demands that ministers be more alive to the times and preach on themes of interest to live people. From her standpoint she is

right. Unfortunately, however, down in our backwoods we have to employ on small salaries men who must give their best fifty-two times a year.

These are present conditions which we do not seek to gainsay but to improve. These summer conventions become a blessing, a living picture of life and its continued contrasts.

To see one who is wiser than ourselves, to know one who is better, healthier than ourselves, is a stimulating experience. They give one lessons, also, which can be carried home to farm and merchandise, to kitchen and church. They make a low life more difficult and a high life easier.

Scotland, Ct.

G. F. WRIGHT.

A Rallying Center for Congregationalists of the Interior

## The Summer Assembly at Frankfort, Michigan

By Rev. J. H. Chandler, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Features of the Fourth Annual Session and a Forecast of the Future :: :: ::

That this latest expression of the desire for closer fellowship between Congregational churches has vitality is shown by the fact that in the four years of its existence it has endured two transplantings without suffering any check in growth or influence. For the first two years it met under the tuition of President King and Dean Bosworth of Oberlin at Lakeside, O., near Cleveland. Last year it moved its teachers and Ohio constituency to Pottawattamie Point on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, seventy miles from Chicago, and received numerous additions from other interior states as far west as Nebraska. There an interstate board of directors was chosen and authorized to negotiate for a permanent home for the assembly. After careful deliberation the subcommittee upon site decided to follow the tide of summer travel to upper Michigan, and Frankfort, one of the northern harbors and the terminus of the Ann Arbor Railroad, was chosen.

In this happy region, it is said, the August sun never smites, the mosquito never invades and the inhabitant never says, I am sick with hay fever. Awaiting the building of a permanent auditorium, the headquarters for meetings and lectures was a tent capable of seating about 900 people. Those who came from regions where heat was to be escaped were not disappointed, for the lake air seemed to have all the frosty freshness of October, and part of the time, at least, men listened to lectures clad in winter overcoats, if they had been thoughtful enough to provide for the possibilities of summer in the north country.

As a natural result there was little of summer languor about the assembly. The easy friendliness that goes with hours of lounging on the beach or in the grove was lacking, and in its place was somewhat of the business atmosphere of convention goes in the working time of the year.

But amid this pretty strenuous round of lecture going there were hours of relaxation and inspiration in evening walks along the fine beach, with rewarding visions of splendid sunsets over the green waters; in frequent excursions on Lake Crystal, a considerable body of water adjacent to the assembly grounds, as the name indicates of marvelous purity and surrounded by towering bluffs and virgin forests; and in the more ordinary pleasures of tennis, golf and going a-fishing.

As heretofore, the forenoons were given to Bible lectures. The great change in the assembly program was in the instruction. In previous years President King and Dean Bosworth have come at the beginning and stayed to the end, and they have made themselves accessible in personal contact in addition to what they have done in the ways of formal instruction. This year no one teacher was in the assembly from first to last, and short terms in the office of teacher and the choice of the largest topics for discussion made the work too scrappy to produce the best impression.

The lecturers from the seminaries, Drs. Rhee Lloyd, formerly of Pacific, Beardslee of Hartford and Stevens of Yale, are all men mighty in the Scriptures, and their work was able. President King, however, had this advantage: he confined himself to a few chapters in the Gospels, the Sermon on the Mount; and his large experience with the impatience of

college classes has taught him to gauge what he tries to impart by the receptivity of his auditors.

The assembly audience is a challenge to the seminary professor to popularize his message without lowering its essential quality, for the management has bent the principal part of its energies to securing in the attendance a large element of the working laity of our churches.

To secure this end the best days of the session, the central Saturday and Sunday, were given to a consideration of Christian Endeavor interests; and a feast of good things outside of Bible study was furnished in high class concerts under the direction of Prof. G. W. Hull of Toledo; popular lectures by Drs. F. W. Gunsaulus, Steiner and G. Frederick Wright; splendid missionary propagandism by Drs. J. F. Loba and Sydney Strong; lantern illuminated travel talks by Dr. Bennett of Chicago and Rev. C. A. Payne of Milwaukee; and addresses of unusual interest by Rabbi Gries of Cleveland on The Jew in History and by Rev. A. A. Tanner of Toledo on The Man in Overalls.

A significant feature of the young people's rally was the place of leadership given to Rev. C. W. Brewbaker of the United Brethren and Rev. G. E. MacManiman of the Methodist Protestants. The cordial welcome on Aug. 14 to these men, to President Elderdice of Westminster Seminary and to Bishop Mills of the United Brethren a week later is a sign of the spirit of the assembly towards the movement for organic union. In the same spirit of an open-door Congregational policy it gave the last hours of the session to President Plasse of Washburn, speaking for the religious opportunity in Western colleges, and to President Kirby of Atlanta Seminary, speaking for the new Congregationalism among the white people of the South.

The note of evangelism was heard in the message of Herbert L. Gale of Boston and of the new education in the conference conducted by Dr. Landrith of the R. E. A. In a word, it was a program worthy of a great assembly, and the audiences, including the incomers from the regions thereabout and the large summer hotel, The Frontenac, sometimes exceeded the capacity of the tent.

The preparation for the assembly has involved an immense amount of hard work, which has been principally borne by three men: Dr. H. C. Herring of Omaha, Neb., Rev. H. S. Wannamaker of Elyria and Rev. J. H. Hall of Marblehead, O. With this triumvirate the local representative of the Ann Arbor Railroad, Mr. L. E. Vorce, co-operated heartily, and the townspeople generally evinced hearty interest in the success of the enterprise. The people of Benzonia, our academy town ten miles distant on the eastern shore of Lake Crystal, came to the assembly in large numbers, and gave to the whole body of attendants a bounteous lunch on the occasion of an excursion to town and school which was the great outing of the assembly as a whole.

The sermon with which President George of Chicago Seminary opened the assembly made a deep impression, and Dr. J. A. Adams's message on the following Sunday was characteristic and cogent. But to those who have the affairs of the assembly most at heart the service which gave most occasion for thought

was held on the Sunday evening of Aug. 7, when Dr. Herring presided and several speakers at his request furnished a symposium upon the assembly's purpose and prospects. Inductive Bible Study; Evangelism; The Cultivation of Interdenominational Fellowship Looking towards Organic Union; a National Congregational Gathering to be a Chautauqua and a Northfield in One—combining the educational and inspirational in happy union—these were the principal ideals presented, and it is fortunate that there were no more.

Along the line in which it started the assembly has been a success and has gained already a loyal constituency. There is a good number who believe in the assembly as providentially born and providentially led to a permanent home whose natural attractions far surpass river and lakeside at Northfield, Chautauqua or Winona. Whatever these places now famous possess, they all lack the wonder and the majesty of the presence of the great inland sea, and it will certainly have its influence on the spiritual atmosphere of this new place of religious pilgrimage.

The greatest source of danger to the new enterprise seems to be in the multiplicity of ideals which have come in with the new location. If the assembly is allowed to grow normally along lines on which it began, it hardly seems possible that it can come to naught. If the temptation to boom the enterprise brings in conflicting aims, then may follow a confusion of tongues and the doom of Babel.

The future of the assembly at Frankfort is a possibility in which we are all interested. If it may not have the continued leadership of its first teachers from Oberlin, we devoutly hope that a double portion of their spirit may come to those who shall follow them in restoring the Bible to this generation.

## An American Doing Valiant Service in Europe

Volunteer Christian workers who pay their own bills are not common. A notable example is Rev. Horace Dutton, an American Congregational minister known in the vicinity of Boston and recently connected with Berkeley Temple, who for two years has worked on the continent of Europe in the interests of the Christian Endeavor movement. During the first year he was in Italy, visiting the Waldensian and Italian Free Protestant churches and forming a number of societies. A national Italian association was organized, with a Waldensian pastor for president and representatives of five different Protestant denominations as trustees. From Italy he went to France, Scandinavia, Finland, Germany, Switzerland and the Balkan states, arousing and encouraging the native Christian Endeavorers.

The result of his journeyings was a large European delegation to the British National Christian Endeavor Convention. Twelve different countries were represented. Mr. Dutton's belief is that Christian Endeavor is one of the most potent agencies for reviving the churches of Europe. He hopes later to organize a European work with headquarters in Geneva.

M. D. S. G.

## Why Not a Male Choir

BY LEE MCCRAE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

While many of our churches mourn the absence of young men in their audiences or lament their fewness, in other congregations, usually those of the West and South, they are present in goodly numbers. To hold their interest is, rightfully, a matter of no little concern to the pastors.

Why not have a choir, as large as possible, wholly of men? No music is more popular than that of a well-trained male quartet, and no singing more inspiring than that of a body of men; so, under good leadership, the chorus would not only be a novelty but effective music could be rendered. Certainly it would hold the singers and attract others to the church.

All over our cities there are young men living in boarding houses to whom Sunday is a day of ennui. Some are little acquainted in the town; others respect themselves or their early training too much to make it a day of sport, and they have no taste for loafing about the streets. They have gotten out of the habit of churchgoing, and feel that the church has no interest in them, nothing of interest for them. The pendulum is at the point where it is easily swung in either direction.

The male choir would furnish a good excuse for a call upon such men and an invitation to join it, or, if not singers, to come and listen, would no doubt bring many of them in for at least an occasional service. For the majority of young men love music, and numbers of them, never known as singers except by their chums or roommates, have good voices.

In a house in a Southern city last winter twenty-three young men boarded, only two of whom were churchgoers. When one would pick up a guitar or banjo the whole crowd would break forth lustily in any song that happened to be started. Usually, of course, it was some popular street song, but they would join in an old hymn with equal fervor.

One chilly Sunday night, just as they finished Rock of Ages, one of them exclaimed, "Let's go to church somewhere, boys!" "All right!" "Where?" "Where do they have good music?" were the quick replies. About ten went in a body. Alas! there was some affected singing from a mixed quartet, a solo full of trills, and some unfamiliar hymns given out by the pastor. The effect was unmistakable; the ten were restless to a degree. Finally, however, the old favorite, "Jesus, lover of my soul," was announced and the visitors sang it heartily. On the way home one exclaimed, "Good meeting, wasn't it!" The familiar tune had saved the day.

The Church needs such young men almost as much as they need it. Why not a male choir?

## A Ministers' Reading Circle

BY REV. T. H. WARNER, WHITEHALL, MICH.

The Muskegon Association of Congregational Churches in Michigan has twelve churches upon its roll. Only two of these churches pay more than \$600 salary.

The ministers of the association wanted to read the best of the new books. With their small salaries this seemed an impossibility. But the organization of a reading circle brought the impossible within the range of possibility.

The plan is this. A committee of two manages the circle. The committee writes each minister and asks him to name the books he would like to read. From the lists sent in the committee selects as many books as there are ministers. Each minister purchases the book assigned to him by the committee. On the first day of the month following, each member forwards his book to the next member on the list, and receives a book himself. In this way the books travel round the circle and eventually return to the purchasers.

By this plan each minister reads a new book

every month at an average cost of fifteen cents, the postage on the book.

During the three years of the circle's existence the following books have been read or are in process of reading:

Two Thousand Years of Missions before Carey, Barnes.  
Modern Criticism and the Teaching of the Old Testament, Smith.  
The Boy Problem, Forbush.  
What Is Christianity? Harnack.  
The Biblical Theology of the New Testament, Gould.  
Apologetics, Bruce.  
Psychology of Religion, Starbuck.  
Great Poets and Their Theology, Strong.  
Through Science to Faith, Smyth.  
The Death of Christ, Denney.  
The Simple Life, Wagner.  
The Supreme Leader, Denio.  
Principles and Ideals for the Sunday School, Burton and Matthews.  
The Roots of Christian Teaching in the Old Testament, Barton.  
The Religion of a Mature Mind, Coe.  
The Leavening of the Nation, Clark.  
The Growing Revelation, Bradford.  
History of the Christian Church, Monieret.  
The Atonement and the Modern Man, Denney.  
Jesus Christ and the Social Question, Peabody.  
Extempore Prayer, Talling.  
Ultimate Conceptions of Faith, Gordon.  
The History of Christian Preaching, Pattison.  
St. Paul, Sabatier.  
The Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible, Curry.  
The Ascent of the Soul, Bradford.

Additional interest is added to the circle by having some of the books reviewed at each meeting of the association. The circle has been a great success. The members are enthusiastic and their interest is constantly growing.

The advantages of the plan are these: (1) It enables ministers to read the new books at a nominal cost. (2) It cultivates the habit of systematic reading. (3) It furnishes fresh and vital themes for the association meetings.

## For Endeavorers

### PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

*Topic, Sept. 4-10. New Courage for New Work. Psalm 144: 1-15; Acts 28: 15.*

While it is true, as Susan Coolidge so beautifully puts it in the poem beginning,

Every day is a new beginning,  
Every morn is a world made new,

we realize more keenly the newness of opportunity when one calendar year glides into another, or when, after our summer vacation, we enter upon autumnal duties. We need these fresh beginnings. That is why life is divided off into periods. The letting go and the taking hold again are alike important. Each experience brings its own peculiar incentive to noble living.

Let us think of the new work, not vaguely, but definitely. What specific new things can we do in the way of Christian service? What new means may we use to foster our own spiritual life? Shall we make some friend the special object of prayer? Shall we undertake more regular Bible study? Shall we lend our strength to some lagging church or Christian enterprise? Shall we try to master some sin or weakness that has long beset us? No one can answer these questions for another. The main thing is not to scatter our fire. It is better, also, to narrow the choice to one or two, rather than to undertake to cover too much ground.

And let us not fail, whatever we undertake, to carry it through until June, 1905, or until the time when our next let-up shall come. Perhaps some of our efforts ought never to be relaxed while life lasts. In fact, this element of persistency in Christian service counts powerfully. Most pastors sorrow because many of their so-called workers are so intermittent. They will do a certain thing one

Sunday or two, or for one prayer meeting night or for two, but when it comes to being responsible for a definite task, in season and out of season, rain or shine, company or no company, social engagements or no social engagements, they cannot be relied upon.

But perhaps we are not called upon to enter some new field, but to go on with familiar duties. Well, then, throw over them the glory which may come from imagining them to be new. You are to sit at the same desk where you have sat many years; you are to teach the Sunday school class which has already often baffled and perplexed you; you are to keep right on with human associations whose power to irritate you already know too well. But can you not begin this autumn just as if you never had faced these problems before? Think how a new worker stationed at your post would behave! What powers of initiative he would bring to bear! How alert, forceful and interested he might be! It is possible for you to command your powers so that you shall be practically a new man, dealing more vigorously than ever with old tasks and old problems. As Dr. Gladden puts it, "Christianity is not doing uncommon things, but doing common things in an uncommon way."

But hold! Is it possible after all? Paul said it was. He could do all things through Christ, who strengthened him. David said it was, who found that the Lord was to him strength and fortress, high tower and shield and deliverer. The happiest experience which can come to any man this autumn is to be driven back by the difficulties and hardships of his Christian service to the hiding place of his strength. We have not begun to fathom the sources of our courage. There is money enough in our Heavenly Father's bank and to spare, if we are only willing to draw upon it.

## The Rights of Missionaries in Turkey

American missionaries and American merchants both found their applications for permits to build, to repair or to travel denied. An American in the employ of an American missionary board was denied a permit to travel and preach, where an Englishman in the employ of the same board obtained a permit without difficulty. To the United States the missionary board is simply an American corporation, carrying on work recognized by treaty and denied its right under the treaty because it is American. The religious character of the work has nothing to do with it one way or the other. An American citizen neither gains rights nor loses them by becoming a missionary. Our Government cannot ask one and it cannot permit the other.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Turks complain that the foreign missions in their territory are centers of revolutionary agitation. Both in Armenia and Bulgaria, they declare, the periodical disturbances are due in part to the influence, indirect no doubt, of the Christian mission schools.

The missionaries deny that they favor revolution in any way, and they are to be credited with absolute sincerity. Yet the distrust of the Turkish Government is well founded, to a large degree. Christian missions from countries like the United States, England and France cannot help being, in one way or another, an influence hostile to Moslem civilization and to the rule of the Turk. Indeed, such missions would not be worth their salt were they not a hostile influence.—*Springfield Republican.*

In the Egyptian department of the British Museum is a wooden doll which was found in the sarcophagus of a little royal princess who died three centuries before Christ. Her baby fingers still clasped it when the mummy wrappings were unfolded.



## New Hampshire

Consulting State Editors: Rev. Messrs. W. L. Anderson, Exeter; Cyrus Richardson, D. D., Nashua; N. F. Carter, Concord; W. F. Cooley, Littleton; W. S. Beard, Durham

### Cheshire County Chat

Recent Broadside have not lifted Cheshire County into marked prominence, but the reason is obvious. It lies in the southwestern part of New Hampshire, crowded against the Massachusetts state line and the Connecticut River by the granite hills above and around it. The first wave of the Broadside sweeping up from the old Bay State just curls Cheshire County up on the Connecticut and sweeps northward.

#### THE CALL OF MONADNOCK

But out of the foam she comes back with a snap. There she is, and no mistaking her. Old Monadnock takes care of that. It is most appropriate that our ministerial association should take the title of Monadnock, for all the history, tradition and sentiment of this section—material, literary, religious—gladly yield royal homage to this grand old mountain.

Especially appropriate is such homage at this delightful season, when the farmhouses, hotels and summer cottages all over the county are filled with rest seekers who have yielded to the mysterious wooings of the gruff old giant. Some prominent Congregationalists are among these victims: Dr. C. E. Jefferson summers at Fitzwilliam, Miss Ellen M. Stone at Westmoreland, Rev. Messrs. W. O. Conrad of Fitchburg and E. W. Phillips of Worcester at Nelson, Dr. C. H. Talmage of Taunton at Marlboro, Rev. L. B. Chase of Lysander, N. Y., at West Swanzy. Many of these men are not only welcome worshippers but generous helpers of the local churches. Dr. Jefferson will preach one Sunday at Fitzwilliam, Dr. Talmage at Marlboro and Rev. L. B. Chase at First Church, Keene.

#### MISSIONARY INTEREST

Missionary interest is receiving special stimulation in this county, and there is some evidence of the vital growth of the missionary sentiment that prays with earnestness and gives with intelligence.

First Church, Keene, challenges the missionary zeal of the county to emulation by assuming the support of two missionaries in China. A circular letter sent to all the churches by a special committee representing the American Board through Rev. E. P. Drew urges us to attempt a 50 per cent. increase in our foreign missionary offerings. Rev. Spencer Snell of Talladega, Ala., went through the county in the spring, and by his tactful but telling plea for his race and illuminating addresses on the work of the A. M. A. stimulated new interest in the work of that noble society.

A hopeful work among the Finnish people who labor in our mills and quarries was initiated some months ago. Special credit for starting the work is due Rev. L. B. Tenney of Nelson and Harrisville, who first began to address the Finns at Harrisville through an interpreter and afterwards enlisted the interest of the Monadnock Association and State Secretary Hillman.

Johan Homi, a student of the theological seminary that Rev. Karl F. Henrikson of West Quincy, Mass., conducts, has preached to the Finns of Harrisville, Marlboro and Fitzwilliam through the spring, and is settled with his family for the summer at Harrisville, acting as pastor at large to all the Finns of the county. Miss Milma Tikkanen, a young Finnish lady who is attending Northfield Seminary, is assisting in this work, using Troy as her base, visiting among the homes of her people, holding gospel meetings and teaching English. The Home Missionary Society never made a better investment than in the support of these workers. "No part of my parish shows so much improvement in five years as the Finn settlement," is one pastor's rejoinder to the hysterical alarm over the unspeakable foreigner.

#### KEENE

Rev. E. P. Drew's early departure from Keene, where for nearly six years he has held First Church in his hand as well as his heart, using it as an instrument to forward the work of the kingdom, is a source of sincere regret to all the county. By his native ability, his intellectual strength and marked spirituality he fairly and fully won the place of leadership among our churches, which by traditional courtesy belongs to the pastor of First Church. His splendid physique, rugged convictions, bold address and evangelical zeal ought to be a distinct addition to Boston Congregationalism.

While the pastoral ties of the First Church are being severed, the newly tied cords that bind Rev. Willis A. Hadley and people at the Second Church

are being tightened and strengthened. Fresh from a successful pastorate at Southbridge, Mass., and with twenty-seven years of pastoral experience East and West, Mr. Hadley has taken hold of a hard task with a will, a wisdom and a motive that prophesy victory.

In theology he might be called a progressive conservative. He clings to all that is vital in the old while gladly welcoming anything that is the truth whether new or old. He is specially hospitable to anything that helps him to a better knowledge of the living Christ. He feels that the prevailing note in the average preaching in our pulpits today is true to Christ, and that that is the main thing.

He found a discouraging debt and some serious internal problems when he came to Second Church. Already the debt had been provided for and will soon be paid, and the outlook within the church and abroad on the field is exceedingly hopeful. Under his tactful, consecrated, buoyant, aggressive leadership Second Church must soon win a place among the sisterhood of churches such as it has not had for years.

D. W.

### A Loss to Hillsboro

In the departure of Rev. Charles L. Storrs, Jr., not only the church at Hillsboro Bridge, where he has been pastor for less than three years, but the whole state has met with a real loss. In this brief time, by his abounding good nature, his tact, his ability to meet men, by his pulpit and by his parish



work, he has won the confidence and love, not only of his own people, but those of other churches and of no church in his town. A single address before his conference, and another before the General Association, showed something of his mental and of his spiritual qualities, winning the close and pleased attention of his auditors. When it was found that he was to give up his work at Hillsboro, the hold he had on the people was shown by a public reception gotten up by the business men, irrespective of church or party, and given him at the village hotel. It is understood that he is soon to enter on missionary work in China.

S. L. G.

### Some Old Home Week Services

#### A CENTENNIAL

Old Home Week was ushered in at Hollis last Sunday by the observance of the centennial anniversary of the erection of the present meeting house. Two had preceded it, the first a very rude affair, in use from 1741 to 1746; the second, one of the "old barn meeting houses," from 1746 to 1804. The present house was built by authority of the town, but "at the expense of the pew holders," the pews being sold before the house was erected. In 1849 the ecclesiastical society acquired legal rights in the building, when the house was remodeled into its present form.

The anniversary service brought together a large congregation, not only of citizens, but natives and former residents, some coming from as far as Washington City and from Ohio. Old times music was sung by a large choir led by an orchestra, which returned for the day to the old singers' seats. The pastor gave a discourse on *The Growth of the New England Meeting House, with a History of the Three Meeting Houses of Hollis*. Following the public services, in place of the Sunday school, there were the greetings of old friends and the exchange of reminiscences.

G.

#### IN OTHER PLACES

At Center Harbor also the exercises of the week began in the church on Sunday, Rev. John Thorpe, the pastor, preaching in the morning an excellent sermon on the Relations of Country and City. In the evening the laymen had their turn, five-minute addresses being given by natives of the town, by former residents and by summer visitors. Although this church is in only its second year of self-support, it is already planning extensive repair on its edifice. At a fair recently held nearly \$250 was cleared, over \$100 of which came from the "Memory Table," a table devoted to the sale of articles sent by former church members or residents.

In Campton, many were unable to gain entrance to the union services in the Congregational church where Rev. Quincy Blakely of South Glastonbury, Ct., a former pastor, gave the address.

At Concord, the principal service was in the West Concord Congregational church, where among the profuse decorations was a large motto made by a lady over eighty years old.

### Cleveland in Midsummer

First has supplies, including Rev. Rufus Athorp, a beloved member. By the death, after a long illness, of his wife Rev. John W. Malcolm loses within three or four years his entire family. At *Euclid Avenue* Dr. Hiatt, on the last Sunday of June, in a few minutes secured pledges for the balance of about \$6,000 on the building debt, already greatly reduced by the faithful canvass of the trustees, and went to Linwood Park for his vacation with lightened heart. Dr. Steiner again supplies for July and August, with great acceptance. As for some years past, the East End churches unite in open-air services at Wade Park on Sunday afternoon.

Dr. Wood takes his usual vacation—twenty summer assemblies and all Sundays filled. In his absence *Plymouth* hears Dr. Moxom and a former pastor, Dr. Leavitt, maintaining both Sunday services. *Pilgrim* suspends Sunday school, but maintains both services, with Pastors Mills and Rothrock alternating vacations. *Franklin Avenue*, after a brief and strenuous pastoral experience and the pleasures of candidating for a season, calls again—this time effectually—Rev. Robert Hopkin of Kent, who comes to them in September.

*Hough Avenue* suspends Sunday school, but maintains both Sunday services with supplies. Mrs. Carroll, the wife of the pastor, at death's door after too long delayed operation for appendicitis, now slowly rallies. Mr. Carroll, by the long and critical illness of his elder son, the tragic death of the younger, the death within six months of his aged mother and father, and now the sudden prostration of his wife, has been under peculiar stress.

*Highland*, after two years, liked Rev. W. A. Dietrick well enough to install him July 1. At *Trinity*, in the absence of Rev. R. A. George on his usual jaunt up the Northern lakes, the assistant pastor, Rev. Howard Vernon, preaches. Rev. L. J. Luethi has begun his pastorate at *Lake View* with vigor and acceptance. Rev. H. F. Swartz of *East Church* and the *City Missionary Society* takes vacation in attending the golden wedding of his parents at South Hero, Vt., and incidentally leads a small party of the men of his church in a tramping trip through the Adirondacks. Rev. LeRoy Royce has rendered valuable service in vacation supplies, and frankly confesses that Aug. 22 is to be his Golden Wedding Day. Dr. Fraser, after two months' temporary pastorate at Frankfort, Mich., is supplying in Cleveland during August, and is available for service. Secretary Small goes to Pennsylvania for a short vacation.

*North Church*, under Rev. C. H. Lemmon and his devoted helpers, Deacons Thomas Bell and A. R. Shepherd, has accomplished the impossible. Organized two years ago, the only English Protestant church in a district of 10,000 people, it worshiped the first year in a storeroom, densely crowded and uncomfortably near to business places. A year ago it laid its corner stone, in November it entered its basement, in June it occupied its audience room. Beginning with 52 members, it has grown to 175. Its Sunday school enrolls 350 and averages 200. It has raised \$8,000 and owes to date but \$2,000. As a spiritual and material investment it amply justifies the existence of the City Missionary Society, even if that organization had not other results to show of equal though different value.

J. G. F.

Ex-Gov. George E. Lounsbury of Connecticut, who died last week, was a prominent layman in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

### Christian News from Everywhere

Rev. J. Agar Beet, who for twenty years has taught systematic theology in the Wesleyan training school for ministers known as Richmond College, England, has resigned. Two years ago he was under fire for heresy, but was permitted to go on if he would not teach contrary to Wesleyan standards.

English Wesleyans have set about bringing order out of chaos in the matter of conditions of church membership. It is suggestive to find the *Methodist Times* admitting that "enforcement of a class meeting test is impossible; and the only satisfactory solution of the problem is to substitute a church roll and regular attendance at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

English Wesleyans have just elected to one of their missionary society secretarial positions Rev. John Milton Brown, who has a record of thirty-four years' service on the mission field in Ceylon and India, and also experience in minor administrative positions in the London society's office, thus combining knowledge of the foreign field and acquaintance with details of home administration.

In compliance with a special resolution passed at the Y. M. C. A. International Convention in Buffalo last May, ministers of all evangelical denominations are being asked to co-operate in a special evangelistic effort for young men. Co-operation of laymen is also to be secured, and early in September meetings are to be held and plans outlined. The greatest care will be exercised as to speakers, the secretaries feeling that no sensationalists or carping critics of the churches should be allowed on Y. M. C. A. platforms.

In its ten tents in various parts of Philadelphia the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee has been carrying on a vigorous and effective gospel campaign this summer. During a recent week 116 meetings were held, and on the Sunday 12,000 persons were in attendance. The stereopticon aids in securing the audience at Race Street Pier and in Mifflin Square. Noonday services are held in City Hall Square, at the Baldwin Locomotive Works and elsewhere, and children are gathered in the tents on afternoons. General supervision of the work is in the hands of Rev. J. B. Ely.

### Man's Freedom

Since Rudyard Kipling wrote McAndrew's Hymn it has been apparent that the poetry of the future would turn to man's mechanical devices and the applications of science for his figures of speech in dealing with profound issues of life, as well as to those more conventional sources of imagery in nature and man to which poets have turned through the centuries. A singularly happy illustration of what may be done by the modern poet in this realm is found in Mr. Arthur Stringer's poem in the December *McClure's*.

I have thrown the throttle open and am tearing down His track;  
I have thrown it out to full-speed and no hand can hold me back!  
'Tis my arm controls the engine, though another owns the rail,  
But for once I'm in the open and the yard-lights pass and pale!

Green lights! Red lights! He has hung His signals out!  
Caution here! Danger ho! And what's the man about?

'Tis true he owns the Engine, to do as he has done,  
But how about the Final Word—when he ends the run?



So from siding on to junction-point now I shall have my day;  
I have stopped to read no orders, but I take the right-of-way.  
Down the open grade I thunder and around the curve I swing,  
For my hand is on the throttle and my heart shall have its fling!

Light lost! Life lost! Flag, O flag the others back!  
Switch the wreck! Ditch the wreck! Dare any block His track?  
There creeps into the Terminal the man who had his day,  
But I wonder, O my soul, just what his God will say!

### Meetings and Events to Come

MONTANA ASSOCIATION, Columbus, Oct. 4.  
COLORADO ASSOCIATION, Second Church, Denver, Oct. 4-6.  
SOUTHEAST GEORGIA DISTRICT ASSOCIATION, Smiley, Ga., Oct. 6.  
AMERICAN BOARD, Gridbell, Io., Oct. 11-13.  
National Council, Des Moines, Io., Oct. 13-20.  
CONGREGATIONAL DAY, WORLD'S FAIR, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 21.

### Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

BATCHELDER—In Auburndale, Aug. 12, Josephine S. Batchelder, aged 64 yrs., 1 mo., 1 dy.

**KILFYRE**  
THE DRY CHEMICAL  
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Monarch Fire Appliances Co. of N. Y. Proprietors.  
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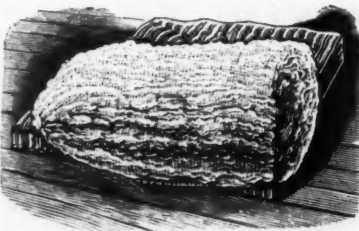
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**Church and Ministerial Record**  
Calls

ANDERSON, DAVID R., Cameron, Mo., to Shullsburg, Wis. Accepts.  
BENNETT, JOS. H., Avoca, Neb., to Hildreth and Wilcox.  
BICKFORD, WARREN F., Islington, Mass., to Muscogee, I. T. Accepts.  
BURKETT, J. W., to Tonganoxie, Kan.  
CARSON, J. Wm., Ashland, Neb., to Maquoketa, Io. Accepts, and is at work.  
DAVIES, ARTHUR, Clearwater, Minn., to Red Oak, Io. Accepts, and is at work.  
FERNER, JOHN W., Millard Ave. Ch., Chicago, Ill., to Tabor, Io.  
FOWLES, RAYMOND A., Monson, Me., accepts call to Greenville.  
GUSTIN, BYRON F., E. Pepperell, Mass., to Ayer.  
HENDERSON, JOHN R., to permanent pastorate at Princeton, Minn., where he has been at work. Accepts.  
JONES, RICHARD, Oacoma, S. D., to Doniphan, S. Platte and W. Hamilton, Neb. Accepts.  
LE BAR, WM. H., Carrier, Okl., to Cortland, Neb. Accepts.  
LEWIS, EDWIN J., Shabbona, Ill., accepts call to Plymouth, Ct., for one year.  
MARTIN, CYRIL P., Cedar Rapids, Io., to Jerome, Ariz.  
MILLER, ALBERT C., Dodge, Neb., to Lebanon, S. D. Accepts.  
MILLER, HENRY G., Jerome, Ariz., to Vernal, Utah. Accepts.  
NICHOLLS, SAMPSON, Harwichport, Mass., to Cole-rain. Accepts.  
PARSONS, H. W., Minneapolis, Minn., to Oacoma, S. D. Accepts.  
SWARTOUT, EDGAR P., Lebanon, S. D., to Highmore. Accepts.  
WYLAND, BENJ., Harlan, Io., to become student helper to Rev. G. L. Cady, Iowa City. Accepts.

**Resignations**  
BERGER, W. FRANCIS, Hillside Ch., Omaha, Neb. Booth, Henry K., Tucson, Ariz.  
CARTER, JAS. O., Chatham, N. H., and Stow, Me. Cram, Delbert W., Staples, Minn. Will return to Alaska.  
FERNER, JOHN W., Millard Ave. Ch., Chicago, Ill., after three years' service.  
LEWIS, EDWIN J., Shabbona, Ill., to take effect Oct. 1, after seven years' service.  
MILLER, HENRY G., Jerome, Ariz.  
NASH, FRANK J., Weeden St. Ch., Pawtucket, R. I., after four years' service.  
SAVERY, HARRISON S., Acton, Me. Re-enters, after three years' service, Bangor Sem.  
SWARTOUT, EDGAR P., Lebanon, Gettysburg, S. D.  
WILLOUGHBY, ALBERT S., Granada, Minn.  
WOODHULL, GEO. H., Kittery Point, Me.

**Dismissions**  
EWING, GEO. H., Yarmouth, Mass., Aug. 17.

**Personals**  
BROSS, HARMON, G. A. R. Department Commander of Nebraska, having attended the national encampment at Boston, is spending a short vacation with his daughter, Mrs. A. F. Newell, in Sayville, Long Island, N. Y.  
SARGENT, CHAS. S., Wichita, Kan., owing to an unusually busy summer, caused by the installation of a new organ and other events, had not intended to take a vacation. But when it became evident that Mrs. Sargent's health would necessitate a trip to the sea the Wichita church generously presented its pastor with money to enable him to accompany her.

**Bequests and Other Gifts**  
PORTLAND, ME.—By will of Mary Elizabeth Barrett: To the A. B. C. F. M., A. M. A., C. H. M. S., Good Will Home Association of E. Fairfield, Me., \$2,000 each; to Maine General Hospital, to be added to the George Barrett fund, \$21,000; also \$9,000 in bonds, the interest to be paid to certain relatives until their decease.

**Material Gain**  
CEREDO, W. VA., has just put in place new oak pews and a Brussels carpet.  
FAIRMOUNT, NER., has begun work upon an addition to its church building. A new furnace and a lighting system are also to be installed.  
MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS, Vt., makes of its annual fair a social occasion, and wisely holds it in the summer. This year \$120 were realized by the Ladies' Aid Soc.

**Spiritual Activity**  
RICEVILLE, Io., Rev. N. L. Packard, pastor, has just enjoyed a series of revival meetings, in union with other evangelical churches of the town. About 150 conversions are reported.

**Borden's Peppercorns**  
Brand Evaporated Cream is preserved without sugar. It is sterilized according to latest sanitary methods, having a delicate flavor and richness which makes it the favorite of the breakfast table for cereals, coffee, tea, and chocolate. Avoid unknown brands.

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## In and Around Boston

### Courtesies to the G. A. R.

Christian workers were not idle in Boston while it was welcoming its visitors. Among others the Boston Seamen's Friend Society kept open house for the sailors of the visiting warships. Chaplain Steele borrowed 150 mattresses from the general entertaining committee and had them ready for sailors who were too late in returning to their ships. A souvenir pamphlet was distributed among the crews of the ships as they dropped anchor, and Admiral Wise and his officers recommended the rooms to the men before they had leave ashore. Incidentally a good many veterans who had lingered in the saloons of Hanover Street too long for their sobriety found a shelter for the night with the wide-awake and sympathetic chaplain.

### The Death of Mrs. Alpheus Hardy

Widely mourned for her own sake, as well as for that of the man whose honored name she has borne for more than half a century, is Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, who died suddenly at Bar Harbor, Me., last Sunday at the age of eighty-seven. Though in more recent years confined to a comparatively narrow sphere by the limitations of old age, she was for a long period prominent in religious and philanthropic circles and all her life has represented in her person the best qualities of the old New England stock. She and her husband made Joseph Neesima of Japan their protégé when he landed in Boston in 1865, on one of Mr. Hardy's ocean-going vessels, practically friendless and penniless. Their generous assistance enabled him to complete his courses at Phillips Academy and Amherst College. The

Hardys also entertained the king of the Sandwich Islands when he was in Boston.

### G. A. R. Veterans at the Old South

Many of the thirty thousand visitors from afar who invaded Boston last week as participants in the Grand Army celebration remained in town over Sunday, and helped make the congregations in some of the churches quite like unto their normal size, though very different in personnel. Thus at the Old South there were five hundred people present, not one per cent. of whom were regular attendants on the church services. About every section of the country was represented, and the various types of Americans present heard good music and better preaching, Rev. Charles A. Dinsmore of South Boston improving the opportunity to set forth the conception of the immanence of God, and the practical ways in which the non-mystical, ordinary man can come to have a firm faith in this ancient and re-emerging conception. It was a stiff theological sermon, was heard with interest and strict attention by the congregation, and doubtless came to many who heard it as a distinctly new thought, possibly heretical to them, to be sure, but fascinating.

### In City Pulpits

Last Sunday was not an especially eventful one in Boston pulpits. At the People's Temple (Methodist) Rev. C. T. Russell attracted some attention by his assertion that the "times of the Gentiles" would definitely end in 1914, when the rehabilitation of the Jews as a nation would begin. At Clarendon Street (Baptist) Dr. Pentecost preached, as he has been doing for some weeks. At Berkeley Temple Rev. H. B. Roberts of Winsted, Ct., was in the pulpit, Rev. W. M. Kincaid of Honolulu was at Eliot Church, Newton, and Rev. J. B. Slocum of Columbus, O., at Central Church, Jamaica Plain. Dr. McElveen at Shawmut and Dr. Little at Dorchester Second were in their usual places.

## MINISTER'S TRIAL

### Coffee Hit Him Hard Indeed

A minister of the gospel writes about Postum: "I was for years a sufferer from headaches; sometimes they were so violent that groaning in agony I would pace the floor or garden holding my throbbing head for relief.

"I tried all sorts of remedies known to the allopathic and homeopathic schools, sometimes I thought it was caused by the stomach or biliousness, and again I would suspect it was purely nervousness, and treated myself accordingly, but nothing ever gave me permanent relief. Having to appear before the public nearly every night, it was sometimes almost impossible for me to fulfill my engagements. Finally I came to suspect that the use of tea and coffee had something to do with my disorder, and abruptly discontinued the use of both and took on Postum for a trial.

"From that happy hour I commenced to mend; gradually I got better and better, and now I do not have a headache once in six months, and all my other troubles are gone too. I am now using Postum exclusively, and want no better beverage.

"I know of others who have been benefited by the use of Postum in place of coffee. A friend of mine here in Key West, a hardware merchant, suffered for years with stomach and other troubles while he was using coffee, finally he quit and began using Postum and got well. He is devoted to Postum, and when worn and weary with business cares takes a cup of it piping hot, and in a short time feels rested and nourished.

"Some, I know, have become prejudiced against Postum because careless or ignorant cooks tried to make it as they would coffee and will not allow it to boil full 15 minutes, but when they try it again, well boiled, it stays, for it is as delicious and snappy as the mild, smooth, high grade Java." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

## Rest in the Lord\*

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.

Would we ask why?

It is because all noblest things are born  
In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain or woe

God's son may lie;

Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know  
Its Calvary.

Yet must we crave for neither joy nor grief;  
God chooses best:

He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,  
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine  
For holiness,

That Father, in his tenderness divine,  
Yearneth to bless.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,  
Our lips in dust?

God's arm shall lift us up to victory:  
In him we trust.

For neither life, nor death, nor things below,  
Nor things above,  
Shall ever sever us that we should go  
From his great love.

\* Written in 1859, in reply to the pessimistic verses of a friend, by Miss Cobbe, who died recently, this poem has passed into many hymnals as an expression of Christian trust.

Recent expressions of opinion by the *American Friend* and the *New York Christian Advocate* indicate that among Quakers and Methodists there is more or less dissatisfaction with the religious fruits of training in institutions avowedly denominational and Christian.

## A Free Trial Bottle of Hydrozone

sent on receipt of 10c. to pay postage. Positively relieves and cures Oak or Ivy Poisoning, Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Hives, and immediately takes the sting out of Mosquito Bites. A marvelous remedy for burns, and will positively prevent blood poisoning from cuts or abrasions.

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Prof. Charles H. H. H.

Dept. O., 57 Prince St., New York  
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Columbia, "The Uncolored CatSUP," is a "pure food" product. Made by a new process without artificial coloring matter of any kind. It has the natural red and flavor of the perfect, ripe tomato. Ask your grocer for "pure tomato catsup" without artificial coloring matter and you will get Columbia.

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**Typhoid  
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Use the Great English Remedy  
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Relief for  
**TARRANT'S  
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Disordered Stomachs, Aching Heads.

Keeps the bowels free and liver active. Contains no irritant or dangerous drugs.

Sold on its merits for 60 years.  
At druggists, 50c. & \$1, or by mail from  
The TARRANT CO., 44 Hudson Street, New York.



## Both Sides the Brooklyn Bridge

(The Congregationalist may be obtained in New York at the Congregational bookstore, 156 Fifth Avenue; in Brooklyn of T. B. Ventres, 597 Fulton Street, and C. F. Halsey, Plymouth Church.)

### Dr. Strong and the Social Service Movement

I found Dr. Strong in the rooms of the Institute of Social Service in the Charities Building the other day, busied with correspondence from all parts of the globe. His recent trip to Great Britain has made him even more enthusiastic than before as to the possibilities of the institute. In thirty-seven days he delivered thirty-six addresses—most of them in England and Scotland. In Dublin, also, he spoke twice, the Lord Mayor uniting in a reception in his honor. Another interesting banquet was that of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Dr. Strong gives Europeans credit for deep research into scientific and philosophical problems, but says that Europeans themselves are free to acknowledge that in this country are developed the practical plans based on their conclusions. His special errand was in connection with the formation of a British Institute of Social Service. He was gratified with the profound interest in the subject, and could only make a beginning in responding to a multitude of invitations to address different organizations. Circulars describing the intended institute were statelily based on the American movement. As a culmination of the Doctor's visit, the new organization is now well established with Lord Lytton as president.

### The Institute's Progress in America

The work in New York is developing steadily. Nearly all the European countries, Japan and South America are included in its correspondence. England, France, Germany and Japan seem most anxious to learn of plans for social improvement; and representatives from all these countries have paid extended visits to the rooms of the institute. The library contains nearly double the material on social subjects to be found in any other

### AS EASY

#### Needs Only a Little Thinking

The food of childhood often decides whether one is to grow up well nourished and healthy or weak and sickly from improper food.

It's just as easy to be one as the other provided we get a proper start.

A wise physician like the Denver doctor who knew about food, can accomplish wonders provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case the mother said her little four-year-old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a doctor who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet as improper food was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar especially, he forbid.

"So the Doctor made up a diet and the principal food he prescribed was Grape-Nuts and the boy, who was very fond of sweet things took the Grape-Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Doctor explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar but is the natural sweet of the grains.)

"We saw big improvement inside a few days and now Grape-Nuts are almost his only food and he is once more a healthy, happy, rosy-cheeked youngster with every prospect to grow up into a strong, healthy man." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The sweet in Grape-Nuts is the nature-sweet known as Post Sugar, not digested in the liver like ordinary sugar, but predigested. Feed the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when nature demands sweet and prompts them to call for sugar.

There's a reason.

Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each package.

in the country, although little money has been expended on it as yet, Drs. Strong and Tolman having personally collated many of the pamphlets. I was impressed with the perfection of the cataloguing. So elaborately is the material indexed, using the card system, and so carefully is it arranged that any document can be found in an instant. It is this system which enables the institute to supply information so promptly; placing in the hands of an editor within two and a half hours, for example, complete statistics regarding the various languages spoken in New York, and verifying within an hour elaborate tables of immigration statistics. Questions on a great variety of subjects are received and answered; and in many instances photographs illustrating philanthropic and social betterment methods in vogue are supplied.

### Broadway Tabernacle Again

A larger and more profound impression of the new building is obtained from the corner of Eighth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street. The Gothic structure rises gracefully and symmetrically and presents an inspiring spectacle. More's the pity that the inevitable "skyscraping" onslaught will in time partially obstruct this view, when an intervening vacant lot is occupied. I wish it were possible for Dr. Jefferson's ideal for Broadway Tabernacle to be realized at the outset of its new career. He has proposed some ten or twelve endowment funds to be raised by voluntary subscription. These are to be in addition to the one of over \$400,000 already established from the sale of the old home, after deducting the expense of building and furnishing the new tabernacle. These proposed funds include among their objects the aiding of other Congregational churches, the enlargement of the work at Bethany, the establishment of courses of lectures in Pilgrim Hall, the securing of world-renowned preachers for the Lenten season, the promulgation of pastoral work by divinity students under the supervision of the church, the rendering of material assistance to the needy, the maintenance of certain free pews for students, the assistance of promising students in securing an education, etc.

An interesting phase attendant upon the new building is the conduct of a saloon in a tent on an adjacent lot, with the manifest intention to make the claim of priority of existence, under the law forbidding the establishment of saloons within 200 feet of any church. Is Broadway Tabernacle always to have a saloon as its side partner? DIXON.

## National Council Delegates

DES MOINES, IO., OCT. 13-20

(Fifteenth List)

Clarke, Rev. Almon T., Ft. Payne, Ala.  
Deane, Rev. J. P., Ashland, Wis.  
Farrill, Rev. Edgar T., Kenosha, Wis.  
Martini, Rev. Fritz W., Fitchburg, Mass.  
Nason, Rev. John H., West Superior, Wis.  
Sewall, Rev. John L., St. Albans, Vt.  
Warren, Rev. Willis A., Lake City, Minn.  
Woods, Rev. Robert M., Hatfield, Mass.

American preachers are surely having their due of honor in London this summer. Dr. Reuben Thomas of Brookline has been supplying at King's Weigh House, the church which Rev. John Hunter has recently left to return to Glasgow. Rev. William Rader of San Francisco has also been preaching there as well as at the Union Chapel in Islington and at Whitfield's Tabernacle, where Silvester Horne is doing so fine a work. Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Philadelphia has also won his way to the hearts of his hearers, while Drs. Goodspeed of Springfield, Crane of Worcester, Bradford of Montclair, Prof. Henry van Dyke and others from this side the Atlantic have been giving Londoners an opportunity to compare the American with the English pulpit.

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The Original "Plymouth Collection" . . . . .	published in 1855, contains 1,374 hymns.
Songs for the Sanctuary . . . . .	published in 1865, contains 1,342 hymns.
Laudes Domini . . . . .	published in 1884, contains 1,167 hymns.
The Hymnal for Congregational (and Presbyterian) Churches, . . .	published in 1895, contains 724 hymns.
In Excelsis . . . . .	published in 1897, contains 900 hymns.
The Pilgrim Hymnal . . . . .	published in 1904, contains 547 hymns.

The sifting process has simply been carried a little further in The Pilgrim Hymnal than in its predecessors.

But The Pilgrim Hymnal is strong not only for what it omits but for what it contains.

Dogmatic, medieval, and morbid hymns have given place to hymns of Christian activity and service, of sincerity and earnestness, of social progress and missionary zeal, of aspiration and cheer, many of which are not found in other hymn-books.

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It *does* compel attention.

It *does* win enthusiastic commendations from the brightest, sanest and most intelligent leaders of our denomination. When you examine it you will see why.

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